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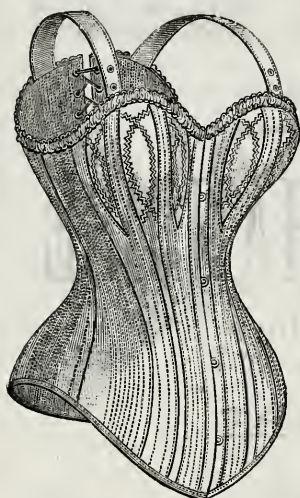
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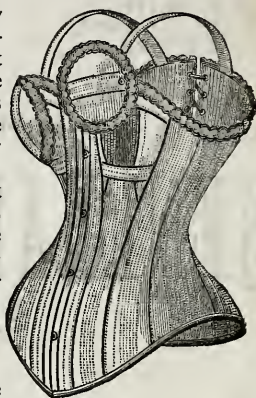
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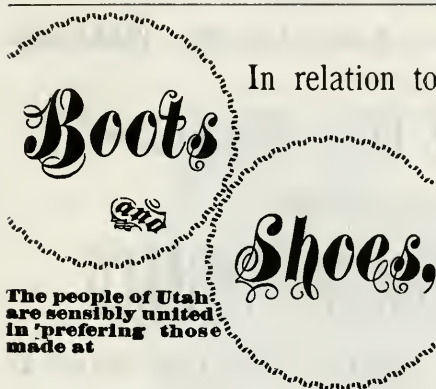
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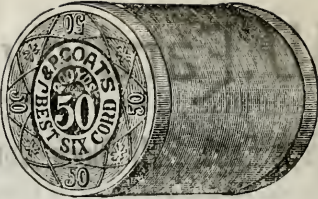
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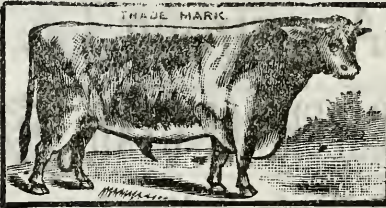
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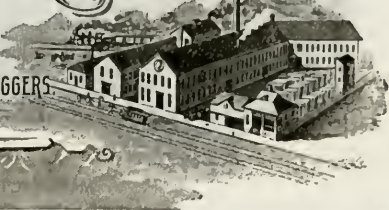
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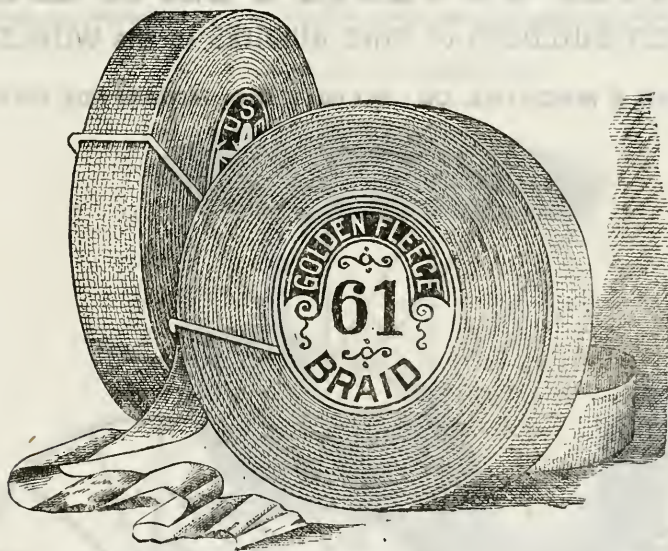
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EDUCATION.

BY PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG.

"WHEN we speak upon education, it is not to be understood that it alone consists in a man's learning the letters of the alphabet, in being trained in every branch of scholastic lore, in becoming a proficient in the knowledge of the sciences, and a classical scholar, but also in learning to classify himself and others. It has been hinted that education commences with the first dawn of knowledge upon the faculties of the child, and continues with it till death. But I will trace it a little further back still, and say that education commences with the mother, and the child in connection. I will state the facts in the case as you will find them to be hereafter, in the education of your children. It depends in a great degree upon the mother, as to what children receive, in early age, of principle of every description, pertaining to all that can be learned by the human family."

"If your children do not receive impressions of true piety, virtue, tenderness, and every principle of the holy Gospel, you may be assured that their sins will not be required at the hands of the father, but of the mother. Children have all confidence in their mothers; and if mothers would take proper pains, they can instil into the hearts of their children what they please. You will, no doubt, recollect reading, in the Book of Mormon, of two thousand young men, who were brought up to believe that, if they put their whole trust in God, and served Him, no power would overcome them. You also recollect

reading of them going out to fight, and so bold were they, and so mighty their faith, that it was impossible for their enemies to slay them. This power and faith they obtained through the teachings of their mothers."

"Hear it again! The blood of these wicked children will be required at the hands of their mothers."

"If I do not learn what is in the world, from first to last, somebody will be wiser than I am. I intend to know the whole of it both good and bad. Shall I practise evil? No; neither have I told you to practise, but to learn by the light of truth every principle there is in existence in the world."

"And inasmuch as the Lord Almighty has designed us to know all that is in the earth, both the good and the evil, and to learn not only what is in the heavens, but what is in hell, you need not expect ever to get through learning. Though I mean to learn all that is in heaven, earth and hell, do I need to commit iniquity to do it? No. If I were to go into the bowels of hell to find out what is there, that does not make it necessary that I should commit one evil, or blaspheme in any way the name of my Maker."

"Every accomplishment, every polished grace, every useful attainment in mathematics, music, and in all science and art belong to the Saints, and they should avail themselves as expeditiously as possible of the wealth of knowledge the sciences offer to every diligent and persevering scholar."

"We are the guardians of our children; their training and education are committed to our care, and if we do not ourselves pursue a course which will save them from the influence of evil, when we are weighed in the balance we shall be found wanting, and the sin will be laid at our doors."

"In the experience of our lives we are taught many principles that are worthy the attention of the most intelligent on earth. The first great principle that ought to occupy the attention of mankind, that should be understood by the child and the adult, and which is the main spring of all action, (whether people understand it or not,) is the principle of improvement. The principle of increase, of exaltation, of adding to that we already possess, is the grand moving principle and cause of the actions of the children of men. No matter what their pursuits are, in what nation they were born, with what people they have been associated, what religion they prefer, what politics they hold, this is the main spring of the actions of the people, embracing all the powers necessary in performing the duties of life."

"'Shall I sit down and read the Bible, the Book of Mormon, and the Book of Covenants all the time?' says one. Yes, if you please, and when you have done, you may be nothing but a sectarian after all. It is your duty to study to know everything upon the face of the earth in addition to reading those books. We should not only study good, and its effect upon our race, but also evil and its consequences."

"Let good schools be established throughout all the settlements of the Saints in Utah. Let good teachers, who are Latter-day Saints in principle and at heart, be employed to educate our children. A good school teacher is one of the most essential members in society; he relieves parents, in part, of a great responsibility and labor; we should, therefore, make the business of school teaching a permanent institution, and the remuneration should be in amount and in kind equal to the receipts

of our best mechanics; it should also be promptly and willingly paid, and school commissioners and trustees should see to it that teachers are properly qualified and do earn their pay. Could I have my wish, I would introduce into our system of education every real improvement; for all the great discoveries and appliances in the arts and sciences are expressly designed by the Lord for the benefit of Zion in the last days, and would be for the benefit of all mankind if they would cease to be wicked, and learn to acknowledge the hand of God in all things."

"It is not the optic nerve alone that gives the knowledge of surrounding objects to the mind, but it is that which God has placed in man—a system of intelligence that attracts knowledge, as light cleaves to light, intelligence to intelligence, and truth to truth. It is this which lays in man a proper foundation for all education."

"We are at present low, weak, and groveling in the dark, but we are planted here in weakness for the purpose of exaltation. It is at the time of the formation of the tabernacle of flesh, that the education of human life commences."

"Our traditions lead us to reflect upon death as we formerly did, and to suppose that this life is only designed to prepare us to meet the last moments of the dissolution of the body. This life is now the only life to us; and if we do not appreciate it properly it is impossible to prepare for a higher and more exalted life. We live today to prepare for life to-morrow; and if we are prepared to live death is divested of its terrors, for we die only to live in another condition. In fact if we only appreciate this life we will never die. Our bodies may sleep in the grave for a short time—the earthly particles of this tabernacle will return to their mother earth—but that ever-living power within us will never sleep, and we shall receive our bodies again."

"We are trying to improve ourselves in every particular, for God has given us mutual and physical powers to be

improved, and these are most precious gifts; more precious are they to us than fine gold. God is our Father, and He wishes His children to become like Him by improving upon the means He has supplied for this purpose."

"In reality there can be no miracle, only to the ignorant."

"The glory of man is fleeting as the twilight, and like the "baseless fabric" of a dream, it vanishes away."

"I will mix works with my faith, and watching with my prayer, and reap the benefits of their united operation."

"Do you suppose that after a man has refused to fulfill his calling, he can retain the spirit of truth, and stand? *He cannot.*"

"In reality, the inhabitants of the earth do not vary so much in their sentiments as they do in the explaining of them to each other."

"Judge not each other rashly, for you will find that ninety-nine wrongs out of a hundred committed by men are done more in ignorance than from a design to do wrong."

"The greatest mystery a man ever learned, is to know how to control the human mind, and bring every faculty and power of the same in subjection to Jesus Christ."

"I will tell you what I think of the whole of the devil's company on this earth—if they will just keep out of my path, I shall be glad, for I never want to see one of them."

"If you first gain power to check your words, you will then begin to have power to check your judgment, and at length actually gain power to check your thoughts and reflections."

"When evil is present with us, we must overcome it, or be overcome by it. When the devil is in our hearts, tempting us to do that which is wrong, we must resist him, or be led captive by him."

"Furthermore let me remark, I am not ashamed to expose and oppose the iniquity of men, though they may stand in high places; neither was Joseph Smith.

Let death come, no matter for that, who cares for it?"

"The catalogue of man's discipline he must compile himself: he cannot be guided by any rule that others may lay down, but is placed under the necessity of tracing it himself through every avenue of his life."

"There is not knowledge enough [among sectarian ministers] to tell you why God suffered sin to come into the world. You [the Saints he addressed] have been told the reason why—that all intelligence must prove facts by their opposite."

"It is the Deity within us that causes increase. Does this idea startle you? Are you ready to exclaim, 'What! the Supreme in us!' Yes. He is in every person upon the face of the earth. The elements that every individual is made of and lives in, possesses the Godhead."

"Never act in haste, but let your actions always be the result of mature consideration. 'Do not hurry me' is one of the prominent characteristics of my history. I frequently exhort the brethren *not to be in a hurry*, for we shall not stop here, we are only hunting for the grave, and there is no fear but we shall find it."

"Let us be kind to each other, and cultivate the spirit of peace, and seek diligently to know the will of God. How can you know it? In matters pertaining to yourselves as individuals, you can obtain it directly from the Lord; but in matters pertaining to public affairs, his will is ascertained through the proper channel [the Priesthood], and may be known by the general counsel that is given you from the proper source."

"When did tyranny ever cause repentance of evil? Never. It produces crime. When men are infringed upon in their rights and tyrannized over, they are proud to rise in their might and declare, 'We will do as we please, and will let you know that we will have the ruling of our own rights and dispositions.' Tyrannical power may possess the ability to behead them, hang them, or sentence them to prison; but resolute men will have their will."

WITH THE BEDOUINS AT ASHDOD.

OUR misgivings ceased as soon as we reached Gaza. The frontier of Bedouin territory was passed on our way across the plains of the Philistines, in the South. The regular commerce, carried on between Jaffa and Gaza along the shores of the Mediterranean, had already reached such importance as to secure the interposition of the Turkish soldiery, and the invasion of the dusky robbers had for nearly two years entirely ceased. We could pursue our journey northward with perfect assurance, and relate with satisfaction, incidents of the most anxious concern we felt at times for our safety. It was an adventure over which we were elated. With perfect calmness we could continue our homeward march, visit ruins, chat freely with Fellah companions, and cast aside every restraint of danger.

As the tall palm trees and taller minarets faded in the distant view, and the suburban olive groves lined the way, the last city of Palestine towards Egypt, lay beyond the horizon of our vision. To the north a few hours' ride, and hard on the shore of the ocean, lay the ruins of Askelon, the city of fame and misfortune. Unlike other important cities of Philistia, Askelon is a seaport town.

The main traveled road through the plains from the north is located about three miles inland. The wind from the sea has piled up drifts of sand and carried it eastward until a belt nearly three miles wide has been covered in many places several feet deep. The sites of cities have been entirely lost beneath it, and villages that now border its lines anticipate its fatal encroachment. Indeed, gardens exist half buried in the rolling sand and with difficulty and great fatigue to animals can the sea shore be reached. The sycamore fig grows here and a number of orchards exist where the contour of the land has broken the sand drifts and left the earth partially bare. Apples, the best in Palestine, are transported on camels' backs from here to Jerusalem. Near the ruins of Askelon a large sycamore extends its branches thirty or forty feet towards the east. It

does not grow symmetrically as other trees; but horizontally along the earth as it has been inclined by winds that blow from the sea.

The city of Askelon was formerly fortified and the high walls on the east in many places still give evidence of their impregnable character. The numerous rents give easy access, and, within gardens irregularly planted among the ruins, contrast strikingly with most of the country round about. Huge towers are prostrate upon the ground, immense columns lie partially buried in the drifts and sometimes wholly inaccessible by reason of acacia thorns and innumerable briars.

The accuracy of prophetic lore has been fully tested in Askelon. Isaiah's picture of it has been admirably drawn: "Thorns shall come up in her palaces, rattles and brambles in the fortresses thereof: and it shall be a habitation of dragons, and a court for owls. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay and hatch, and gather under her shadow." Zephaniah's declaration that it should be a desolation has been literally fulfilled. The Hebrew prophets were prone to launch their denunciation against the ill-fated city. It was frequently mentioned in the Apocrypha and Bible.

Ascalonite added to Herod's name has given rise to the belief he was raised there, or that it was the place of his nativity. He contributed his wealth to adorn it, and his father, Antipater, and sister, Salome, resided there. In the Crusades it became the most important fortification of southern Palestine and was associated with the exploits of the generous Saladin and the intrepid Richard, the Lion-hearted. Excavations were going on during my visit to the place and an abundant yield of ancient and fragmental art was promised. Its howling desolation is only equaled by the awful doom which ancient predictions passed upon it.

Immediately west of Askelon, buried in olive trees, lies the city of Mejdél, which we reached, after wading for an

hour through the sands from the sea, and where we sought quarters in a khan for the night. Mejdél is the most considerable town in this part of the country. My companion, a German, though reared among Arabs, soon found friends, some of whom were planning a journey for the night to Jaffa. His Arabic proclivities were strong. They would be good company; so he urged me to go on. All day long we had been wading through the sands, subjected to the intense heat of August. Our horses had done us good service, and I was little disposed to inflict cruelty upon brute nature. I would consent to an early start, any hour after midnight; so we settled down for a few hours' repose. A ride of an hour and a half would bring us to Ashdod, a city whose environs I wished to see, and was therefore opposed to any plan by which I would gain no knowledge of the topography of the country. When the Philistines took the ark from the Israelites, they first brought it to Ashdod and stored it away in the temple of their god Dagon. The Israelites, Egyptians, Assyrians and Maccabees in turn took possession of the city; besides, here Philip preached the Gospel after he had administered baptism to the eunuch.

We planned our morning journey to reach Ashdod about break of day, a ride from Mejdél of one and a half hours. On our way, early the next morning, we talked freely of the country, and I closely questioned my companion about his many years' experience in that land, and the incidents of life along the road we were traveling. Scarce two years had elapsed since it was freed from Bedouin ravages. The story of these roving sons of the desert he related one after another. Here a man left robbed, and in a state of nudity—a very favorite way of completing their confiscation of his personal effects. There, another murdered; and the stories, one after another, of these horrid deeds, fell upon my ear. My imagination grew more sensitive. An Englishman, in these southern regions, deprived of the last bodily covering, had been taken to an

eminent elevation and given his choice, to spring below into mangled death, or suffer his body to be transfixed with spears. All these incidents sounded like a terrible romance. Every bush and brush was magnified into strange beings. I conjured up every possible emergency, and my mind was a forecast of that which we were soon to meet. "And you think the road perfectly safe, now?" I inquired, as an interlude to every bloody narrative he uttered. "Geviss!" was the solemn German reply of certainty.

A short time before daylight and about two miles south of Ashdod as we neared a small ravine up rode eight desperate Bedouins with glistening spears, and armed to the teeth. My companion had just started ahead on a gallop and had hardly time to utter an exclamation of despair ere he was fully entrapped. They parted, four on a side, leaving room for him to pass between. He made the effort but the trap was sprung, and he and horse were firmly seized. The Arab steeds were dexterous in the affray. It was useless to run, death would have been certain. I made up my mind at once to bid them apparant welcome and protest as little as possible to what I considered the inevitable. My companion was not so pliant. He protested long and loud. Each protest was met by fresh indignities. He was soon dragged from his horse to the ground, and one article after another of his clothing began to disappear. I was sure what would follow; but if every thread of clothing could purchase our lives I considered the circumstance a fortunate one.

Long glistening knives were drawn down before my face and held over my breast. The pistols were held in a most conspicuous position for me to gaze at. All this I have supposed they intended to calm me, and if such were their purpose it was successful to the last degree. It sometimes happened that men were disfigured by the loss of nose and ears on such occasions. Parisians I knew made the most perfect imitations; but that was no consolation in face of the

danger. My watch was taken out. Guide book, maps, and charts they overhauled with native curiosity. One slipped the bridle off my horse. My coat and vest were in their clutches and when I felt my suspenders slide from my shoulders my mind was prepared for the worst; but some of them began to quarrel over the money which they had discovered. The one who had been the first to seize me, and with the look of a demon, through some hasty promptings returned me all they had taken except the money. This enraged another whose glaring eyes pierced the twilight in satanic rage and he aimed his long steel pointed spear at me. The one who had so lately befriended me seized it with his hand and a struggle between them ensued. Dropping to the ground on the opposite side of my horse I hastened along beyond the struggling robbers when a caravan came up. Confusion arose and the Bedouins rode on.

My companion and I began to survey our situation. I supplied what I could of my friend's lost apparel, and now that a nearly nude Arab came up to where we were halted with the caravan, we found that both the party of the caravan and unfortunate Arab had suffered a similar loss just a short time before. They all expostulated and recited in angry tones their grievances; but I confess I was never happier in my life. The unfortunate man we met proposed to follow them to their camp and enter complaint to the Sheik, who would, he assured us, refund him all and punish severely the daring robbers of that night's exploits. He generously asked

us to go with him. My companion with the glow of enthusiasm turned to me and exclaimed, "What do you say?" "*Not much*," was my idiomatic response. "I don't care to make the Sheik's acquaintance. He may be a good man, but we haven't time to call on him now," and we hastened in the opposite direction till we reached Ashdod.

It was now daylight and the road frequented by travelers offered greater security; but the night had been one of terror to more than ourselves, and where we met the Bedouins was frequently asked. On my arrival at Jaffa the American consul kindly offered to render me every possible assistance and lodge complaints with the government. But one can never reach a Turkish official without Backsheesh, a money lubricator of Turkish officialism; besides I intended to leave the realms of the Sultan next day and satisfied myself that the experience must compensate the loss. The consul was unrelenting in his denunciations of the dusky robbers. However, I was not so ruthlessly disposed. Men sometimes get robbed in America, I incidentally rejoined; besides if the vicious were as unrestrained in Broadway as they are in all parts of Palestine worse stories could be told of America than of the dusky desert nomads. I was so frequently exposed to their mercies and met cordiality and courtesy that I was disposed to regard the unfortunate encounter an exception. The Bedouin possesses a revengeful character, but the instances of his fidelity, devotion, and friendship are themes of recent as well as early romance. *Jos. M. Tanner.*

CORIANTON.

CHAPTER IV.

WAS the woman who accosted Corianton at the gate of his lodging, young, handsome? He could not tell; the twilight had deepened too much into the shadow of night, to permit him to see clearly; but there was a fascination in the full, sweet tone of her voice, and he

was thrilled by the touch of her soft hand, as she laid it gently on his arm, as if to detain him while asking the questions with which the last chapter closed.

"You are going into Seantum's?"

"Yes, that is where I lodge."

"I will go with you."

He hesitated, and was not a little astonished at her perfect self-possession, which, to his thinking, bordered on boldness. It must be remembered that among the Nephites, one of the chief characteristics of their women, so far as one is able to judge from their records, was modesty—an excellent thing in woman, when not feigned or prudish. The freedom, therefore, with which this woman had accosted him, a perfect stranger, and now proposed to go with him, uninvited, to the place where he lodged, was a boldness to which Corintan was unaccustomed. She observed that he hesitated, and broke out into a light, silvery laugh.

"Ah, I forgot," she said, in an apologetic tone, yet with a touch of defiance in it, "thou art one of the prophets, perhaps a solemn one, and unacquainted with our people, and my manners are too bold; but Seantum, with whom you lodge, is a near kinsman—my father's brother; now, will you throw open the gate, and allow me to go in with you?" He complied with her request mechanically, and in silence, for he knew not what to say. As they approached the house he again felt that soft hand laid gently on his arm, and the same sweet voice said, almost pleadingly: "Let us not go into the house yet, the evening is beautiful; see, the moon is just peeping over the tree tops, and floods the earth with her soft light—let us walk in the garden." She had retained her hold upon his arm, and obeying her will rather than his own, he turned down a path leading away from the house.

The house of Seantum was situated at the southern outskirts of the city, in the midst of a spacious and splendid garden. There were extensive lawns, studded with tropical trees, several species of palm and plantain; the cocoa trees standing in groups, their great tufts of gigantic leaves rustling in the moonlight at a height of sixty and seventy feet; banana and papaw trees growing side by side in rows along the walks, and back of them in irregular order stood pomegranates, while here and there were clumps of lindens, inter-

spersed with sumach and cashew, and a great variety of evergreen shrubbery. Here side by side, and in fine contrast, were the rhododendron, with their rose-colored flowers, and the coffee shrub with its cluster of delicate white blossoms. Other flowers and flowering trees existed in great profusion—the fragrant eglantine, the elegant, airy though thorny acacia, and now and then an aloe plant, and, ah, rare sight! several of them were in full bloom; these, with splendid magnolias, mingled their odors, and burdened the air with ambrosial fragrance, which, with the chirrup and hum of insect life, the gentle whispering wind, stealing softly through shrubbery and tree, and all kissed to beauty by the glorious moonlight, made up a night such as lovers love, and love's young dream expands.

* * * "In such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted on Trojan walls
And sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents
Where Cressia lay that night."

"In such a night
Did Thesebe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away."

"In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in his hand
Upon the wild sea banks and waft his love
To come again to Carthage."

"In such a night
Media gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old æson."

And, finally, on such a night did Corintan walk in the garden of Seantum, with this woman, so strangely met.

"You are not at all curious," she said. "You have not yet asked my name, nor why I am here, nor what it is I want with you—you have not spoken half a dozen words since we met—you smile, do you mean by that I have not given you a chance to say more?"

"Such were my thoughts, lady, but I would know your name, and am most curious to know what you would wish me."

By this they had reached a lakelet at the lower end of the garden, from whose moist beach grew several gigantic mango

and sycamore trees. They had passed in the shadow of one of those whose inclining trunk extended far out over the water-lily-bedecked lake; half seating herself on the inclined tree, she raised her hand to clutch a grape vine that drooped from a branch above, and as she did so the ample folds of her sleeve slipped back and left uncovered a beautiful white arm. And now Corianton noticed for the first time that the form was supple and finely proportioned. Her head, too, had been covered with a kind of mantilla which had also partly shrouded her face; this fell back now revealing a face of uncommon loveliness, and a profusion of brown hair.

"You must know then, sir prophet," she said with a light air, "that I am *Joan*, from Siron; my father is a Nephite by birth, but when young met with my mother, taken captive during a war with your people. He fell in love with the captive, married her and she finally induced him to go with her to her people. They settled in Siron where they lived happily until my mother died—my father still lives, and has never been entirely rid of the traditions of the Nephites, and hearing that a party of Nephite prophets were preaching in Antionum, it was his wish that I should come to our kinsman Seantum's, find you and ask that you would also preach in Siron."

"But why did you come to me? I do not lead our party, I am youngest in it."

"Ah, sir prophet, you are more famous than you know. It was Corianton that we first heard of in Siron; it is he whose eloquence most baffles the Zoramites, and threatens the disruption of their Church—believe me sir, I was charged to bid *you* come by my father."

Oh, flattery! what man is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms? and how those charms are heightened, when flattery falls from beauty's lips! The vanity of Corianton was well pleased with the words of the woman; pride swelled his bosom, and he felt exalted above his brethren.

"For two days I have sought you" (Corianton had been absent two days from his lodgings), "now I have found

you and delivered my message, will you go to Siron?"

"I cannot say, lady, I must first confer with my brethren, and if by them it is thought best, I—"

"What! are you not free to come and go where and when you will, are you in bondage?"

"No lady, not in bondage, yet it is mete I counsel with my associates, and if—"

"And if they give you leave, why then you'll go—ah me, that is such liberty as a maiden has under her father's control. I've often wished myself a man, I might have a more extended liberty, but if men cannot act independent of control, it pleases one that I am a woman. I fear, sir prophet, that I shall never be a convert to your faith."

"Then I would esteem my success in Siron of little value though I gained the whole people, if I failed to number one so fair among those who followed me."

"Come sir, let us now go in; you begin to find your tongue, and even a prophet I see can flatter."

So saying she drew her mantle over head, and they walked in silence towards the house. Corianton as he walked away did not observe shadowy forms glide from under adjacent trees, hold a brief consultation and depart from the spot which he himself had just quitted.

As they approached the house, lively strains of music floated out upon the evening air, and lights gleamed from all the windows; now sounds of revelry could be heard—the merry laugh, and flying feet. In the hall they were met by Seantum. "Returned home at last Corianton, eh?" he said with blustering familiarity, "what, and with Joan too!"

"Yes, kinsman; I found our prophet as he was entering the grounds, and have detained him long enough to deliver my message."

"Quite right, too, quite right; if you have anything to do, do it, and do it at once. But come, sir, some young folks have gathered here, to make merry the night, recreation will do you good, sir; youth was made for enjoyment, sir, and

youth cheats itself if it make not good use of the time."

"Oh, kinsman, you forget," said Joan; "this man, though he hath not a dry hand, a moist eye, a wrinkled brow, a gray beard, a stooped back, a cracked voice, a shrunken leg—and though he hath no staff, yet is he a holy man, and will account the youthful revels you recommend, as sinful. Alas," said she, with charming mock solemnity, "alas, that youth should so soon wed itself to the vocation of the aged! Besides, I warrant me, he will tell thee he must first counsel with his fellow-prophets, before he can stir, in what you would have him enjoy. So pray forbear, tempt not the holy prophet;" and with this tantalizing witchery she left him.

Seantum laughed heartily at the evident discomfiture of Corianton. "By my life, sir, she hath hit you as hard with her sarcasm of your solemnities, as your ridicule hits the weakness of our Zoramite faith; but come, sir, come, you must rally, you must let her see that you have spirit—which I know you have—go in, sir," lowering his voice, "it shall not harm your reputation; go in, you shall find beauty, gaiety, pleasure and secrecy beneath my roof—go in, sir; youth was made for pleasure!"

His pride, wounded by the light sarcasm of Joan, and, influenced, it must also be confessed, by the cajolery of Seantum, Corianton permitted himself to be led down the hall into a spacious saloon, brilliantly lighted by cressets, and at one end of which, on a platform, was arranged a banqueting table, laden profusely with all the delicacies of the tropics—a rich variety of meats, fruits and wines, of which all were free to partake at pleasure. The ceiling and walls of the saloon were frescoed with voluptuous figures or grim monsters, half animal, half human—with here and there indications that some knowledge of the old mythologies was still retained; the windows were draped with curtains of rich stuffs, variously colored; their ample folds gently stirred by the soft breeze which stole into the room, filling it with the rich perfumes of the garden. The

floor was variegated Mosaic work, smooth as polished ivory, covered at the sides and ends by soft carpeting.

As Corianton and Seantum entered the saloon a pretty dark-eyed girl was executing a sort of fandango to the evident delight of a number of persons sitting or lounging promiscuously about the room. At the conclusion of the dance the girl was greeted warmly with a round of applause. Then there was quiet, broken occasionally by only light ripples of laughter, the hum of confused conversation, or occasional commands to the slaves to serve fruits or wines. There were whispered nothings, tender caresses, and loose jests. Groups of women of all shades of beauty were reclining on divans or cushions, half concealed by the rich foliage of gigantic house plants in great vases; and sometimes in recesses nearly shut out from the main body of the saloon by closely drawn curtains.

The entrance of Seantum and Corianton had attracted no attention; but as that tall, graceful Nephite passed the various groups, the girls broke out in exclamations of admiration—"how handsome!" "how young!" "what fine eyes!—and what a form!" "who is it?" "a stranger—a Nephite." All this agitated Corianton, and rendered him uneasy. Arriving at the head of the saloon, he was introduced to a group of young men about his own age.

"This is my Nephite prophet of whom you have heard me speak," said Seantum, "receive him as my honored guest and friend." At this Corianton was warmly saluted, and called upon to pledge the acquaintance in wine. There was no retreating now, nor could there be any refusal.

"Though our new friend is a Nephite," said Seantum, after the pledge of friendship had been drunk, "and reared under traditions which we have forsaken, religious differences, arising solely from training in childhood, should make no difference in social life," "No, no," broke in several voices. "Let us bury thoughts of all such differences in another bowl of wine," said a youth of Laman-

ish appearance, and already under the influence of the beverage he now called for. At that moment in the lower part of the saloon some one was greeted by hearty applause; looking in that direction Joan was seen advancing clad in loose, fleecy garments; she held in her hand a long strip of crimson gauze, and as she reached the middle of the saloon she shook out its folds and began a dance of exquisite grace. What mischief hath not been worked by the witching grace exhibited by beautiful woman in the dance! The elegance and harmony of motion, the poetry of movement, gives a lustre to beauty and influences the senses through the imagination. 'Twas the dancing of the fair daughter of Jared which drove Akish of old to pledge himself to murder King Omer among the Jaredites; and Herod promised with an oath anything, to the half of his kingdom, to the daughter of Herodias for dancing before him, and when she demanded John the Baptist's head—even that was not denied.

Never had Corianton seen such a combination of motion and beauty as that now before him. The slight willowy form of Joan swaying with easy grace, the poise of the head, the movement of the arms, all in perfect harmony with the rest of her actions. Frequently the company applauded her, but now evidently the dance is drawing to a close, concluding with rapid whirling round the entire saloon; as she passed near Corianton she suddenly threw her gauze scarf over his head, as a challenge for him to join her in the *finale*; and he, forgetful of all but her loveliness and bewitching grace, caught her hand, holding the tips of her fingers, and accom-

panied her in that whirling circuit. He had evidently acquitted himself well, for he shared in the applause which greeted her, and the compliments that followed. "Ah my friend, I scarcely thought a prophet could do so well," she whispered, in her taunting manner, but seeing that he turned pale at her remark, and that a pained expression also passed over his firm feature she quickly added "you did well, I am proud of you, and you must be my companion for the evening," and her hand once more stole within his arm.

The revels were continued through the night, wine flowed as freely as water, and long before the gray dawn began to break in the east many had sunk down in a helpless, drunken sleep. Corianton also was intoxicated but not so much with wine as with the beauty and *chic* of Joan. When she left him, as she did soon after midnight, he began to realize the situation into which his half thoughtless indiscretion had plunged him, and he knew not how he would well answer his brethren for his conduct. Though he had drunk but little wine, not being accustomed to it, his brain was on fire, and a mad spirit of wrecklessness seized him. Passing a groupe of young fellows in an advanced stage of intoxication in one of the recesses of the saloon, he was hailed by them, and congratulated upon his conquest of the fairest lady in all their land. He joined them in their praises of her beauty and in their revel. What he did, what was done he knew not, his brain was confused—he had an indistinct recollection of boisterous, frenzied jollity, then high words, a quarrel, but not the reason of it, and then all was darkness, oblivion.

[To be continued.]

LEAVES FROM A NOTE BOOK.

AT THE HOME OF "RAMONA."

OUR stay at the Camulos Ranch, or the home of "Ramona," as it will henceforward be more generally called, was a pleasant one. The old home and its surroundings give a perfect conception

of an old time Mexican, Spanish homestead such as was once common throughout this part of the country, but which are now fast disappearing from the land. It is situated in the Santa Clara Valley, which opens out on to the Pacific Ocean,

in the most delightful semi-tropic region of Southern California. Quite attractive enough, in itself, is the place, apart from the tinge of romance Mrs. Jackson's book has necessarily thrown around it. The pastoral scenes and incidents that may be witnessed there are highly suggestive of other lands, and one can scarcely believe himself within the limits of the United States while looking upon them.

As may truly be said of many other visitors we, however, were attracted to the place by the ideal joys and sorrows of Ramona and her Indian lover. The charm of Mrs. Jackson's story lies in the subtle power with which she links the actual, the physical features of a country, and the every-day life that may be seen there, with her imaginary persons and incidents. Whenever I shall think of the old mission at Santa Barbara it will bring up an image of Father Salviederra, in his closing hours, and certainly a flock of sheep, pastured near an orange grove, will recall the exploits of Alessandro, and his band of dark-skinned shearers.

Our visit was fortunate in regard to season. The amorous breath of spring was wafted through the pleasant valley, and the wild mustard plant, with its stems so small as to be almost invisible, was in full flower, and still suggested the simile of a golden snow-storm. The willows along the edge of the Santa Clara were as light, as vividly green, and the orange groves as glossy and dark; the pepper trees waved their long, pendant branches as quickly to the slightest breeze, and the curves, hollows and crests of the Sierra de San Rafael were as iridescent, as thickly covered with verdure and bloom, as in the days gone by.

Those who have read this charming novel will remember that the story deals with the wrongs, the injustice done to the Indians, during the early settlement, by eastern people, of Southern California. Perhaps in several instances these wrongs are overstated, although in the main they are probably correct. Much injustice no doubt occurred; many gross violations of truth and right. The California Indians were of a very peace-

ful nature, grateful for the smallest favors, and their troubles with the whites fully justifies the general tenor of the book. Cabrillo, one of the earliest explorers of the coast, if not the very first, bears witness to their simplicity in his diary (1542) and later on we have the statements of Drake, from his memorable piratical voyage of 1579, of the perfect confidence the natives placed in the superior knowledge of the invaders, and their good intentions toward themselves. According to Old Fuller, Drake and his party were worshipped as superior beings, baskets of tobacco, and presents of boiled fish came daily to the English ships from the conical huts and in return for these the English sent lotions and ointments to such of the natives as had sores or wounds. Under the Mexican Señors they enjoyed certain and liberal privileges, and by the Mission Fathers they were treated with the utmost kindness. Not until after the acquisition of Southern California by the United States, after the Mexican war, did their troubles begin—then their eviction from the lands they had so long enjoyed began to occur.

Throughout the story the character of Alessandro is skilfully portrayed. His Indian blood and Indian nature asserts itself in spite of all early training. Fierce is his love for Ramona, and deep his hatred of his oppressors. Even the gentle patience of Ramona could not shake off the, sometimes sullen, the, sometimes fierce, resentment that he felt at the downfall, the gradual extinction of his race. Had there been among the Indians many Alessandros, says a writer, the chances are many that much that was blamable would not have occurred. A determined movement on the part of those holding land would have brought some recognition, at least, of their rights to the ground they had tilled.

By many, this resurrection of dead issues, the recital of the wrongs of a race, who were most inferior, will be considered as useless. But the author of the book has thought otherwise, and, indeed, as she intended, it points a moral, indicates the right course to pursue in many

a quarter yet. And then, genius must have a theme, a central thought to work upon, and around which to weave the glamor of romance. Truly the work is better done if from the heart of the writer, there wells up true indignation at injustice suffered, and the hope that her words may have had some power to avert such injustice again, in the future, even if only to the fast dwindling remnant of the red-man.

Within a few moments after our arrival at the Camulos Ranch, our ears were greeted by the sounds of a bell. This bell, we afterwards discovered, formed one in a set of three, all of which were imported from Spain (as told by the inscription) and are very ancient-looking. Very likely they are from one of the old Missions now falling into decay in the neighborhood; probably San Luis Rey. The bells are hung in a heavy wooden framework, hard by the little chapel and not more than a rod from the south veranda of the house. One of them performs the office of summoning to meals all persons at the ranch, and another assembles them for worship and prayer. The one whose voice we first heard was sounding for the evening meal, and judging by the number and heterogeneous appearance of the crowd that responded to its call, the hospitality and patriarchal character of the place has in no wise declined.

One of the most interesting as well as novel sights at Camulos is the morning prayer. I have already mentioned the little chapel. It is embowered amid the orange trees, and although only just large enough to accommodate the family circle, the attachees of the place kneeling in the arbor adjoining, the altar is quite elegant, and on the walls are several old paintings of Saints, reputed to be of considerable value. The Señora at Camulos is a most devoted Catholic, and the chapel was erected for entirely private purposes. Many a priest has officiated within its narrow space. On the hill-tops overlooking the valley are placed a couple of large white crosses, for the purpose, perhaps, as the Señora Morena said, "that the heretics may

know, when they go by, that they are on the estate of a good Catholic; and that the faithful may be reminded to pray."

At an early hour in the morning several of the Misses of the house, Señoritas I suppose I must call them, appeared in the garden and gathered a number of large bouquets of flowers, to decorate the chapel altar. At the third warning of the bell the priest came from the house, followed by the greater number of the inmates. Of course some curiosity is felt by visitors to see the lady of the house, and to detect in her, if possible, some traces of the Señora Moreno. Outwardly there is certainly none; except that she evinces the business like tact of the ideal creation. We had ample evidence of this when she gave directions to the men engaged in trimming out the orange trees, and to those transferring to boxes for shipment, the loads of golden fruit that hung upon them.

The Service was effective and simple; the former could hardly fail to be the case amid such surroundings. During the prayers of the girls, at its latter part, the click of the trimming-shears sounded continually from the orange grove, and the songs of the many birds, canaries, finches and linnets, mingled with the chanted responses. Though not having altogether the beautiful effect of the singing of the sunrise hymn, nevertheless it strongly recalled that episode to mind; especially the answering of the birds.

"Singers at dawn

From the heavens above

People all regions;

Gladly we too sing."

An indispensable appendage to a Mexican house is a fountain. There are two at Camulos Ranch; one by the chapel, and a smaller one in the courtyard, to the north of the house. The courtyard ought to have been mentioned first, for of all things southern the most pre-eminently southern about a Mexican home is the courtyard. "There is enacted the greater part of the domestic drama; there, under the shadow of the veranda, hang the water-jars; there the women

weave their lace; and there the shepherd and the herdsman lounge and smoke and train their dogs; there the young make love and the old doze." Yes, the veranda of the courtyard is an agreeable place, and makes one half, if not wholly, in love with southern life. There to the utmost, one can indulge in dreamy reverie; learn the virtue of not being in haste, and soon be, the world forgetting and by the world forgot.

Camulos will be a pleasant memory. Its delectable surroundings; its groves of orange; its olive, almond and lemon trees; its vineyards; its clambering roses, and most of all the glimpse it gave of a

life tinged with the *Dolce far niente* of the south will often appear, like an oasis, amid the memories of more sterile scenes.—When the one tall cypress standing by the fountain was outlined in black against the twilight sky—hazy yet with the fervent heat of the past day; when the breeze that crept through the valley dissipated around the rich perfume of the orange and the flowering almond; and when on the ear fell the soft rippling of the Santa Clara as it moved onward to the sea, it seemed, not that we were in California at all, but on some favored spot of sunny Mexico, or beneath the sky of Spain. *Alfred Lambourne.*

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL CULTURE.

A FEW ideas to direct the thoughtful, earnest mind in acquiring a knowledge of some things which are necessary in the life of man to make him both good and great and consequently happy, may be of aid to the young people of Zion.

A brief analysis of man's nature, his capacities and powers may serve to create an ambitious desire in the mind of the student, seeking to acquire useful knowledge, to extend his research beyond the sensational of this life to a just appreciation of both obligation and duty upon which the science of morality is predicated; and without which there is no spiritual development or permanent happiness. A moral life, a life in which the obligations consistent with a free agency are fully observed, is the highest condition of human existence; a condition radiant with the glory of intelligence. Many of the youth of Zion are aiming at that condition, and it is within their reach.

Man is a being susceptible of wonderful development, with unlimited capacity and powers, which, though finite in exercise, are infinite in duration. It is the legitimate labor of life to properly develop those capacities and powers with which he is endowed. Both intellectual and moral culture are necessary to that end, and the mode or law of their

development can be best understood by a correct and comprehensive view of man's moral nature.

In a general view of humanity, and a general analysis of the human mind and the manner of its development, man is said to have a three-fold nature—three distinct classes of capacities, susceptibilities or powers. The first in their development are those which come in contact with the outward, material world. These may be termed his sensational nature, and include all those powers which are brought into exercise and are developed by sensation. These powers are brought into action when life begins. This sensational nature in man is the means by which he is enabled to become conscious of an external world of matter.

Man also possesses a moral or spiritual nature with capacities or powers which must be developed before his moral or spiritual life can begin. We are not conscious of the existence of these powers as early as we are of our sensational nature or powers. By this fact we learn that our spiritual or moral nature is not developed through sensation by coming in contact with the material world. As there are prepared means for the development of the sensational in man, so, also, are there suitable means prepared for a proper develop-

ment of the moral or spiritual capacities, on which depends not the health of the body, but the well-being and harmony of the spiritual in man, and hence his happiness.

This part of man's nature is adapted for the reception of law, of truth, of ideas, of duty. Moral powers are affected only by the presentation of moral truth—by the conception in the mind of a law by which man ought to act. It is a fact that our moral consciousness is not developed until the child has reached an age when he can and has formed or received moral laws which he regards as obligatory as rules of action. He must have the idea that some things ought to be done by him, and that other things ought not to be done, before moral consciousness is developed, and the child feels the power of duty, the pangs of a wounded, and the joys of an approving conscience. Sensation is not capable of originating such ideas. They must come from some other source.

There are here two things involved: first, the reception in the mind of the ideas of rectitude, of the law of right and wrong, of duty and obligation; and secondly, the effect which these ideas exert upon these moral powers of humanity. If the mind receives these ideas, adopts them as true, as obligatory, they become true to the mind, and will exert all the influence on the moral powers that absolute verity is designed to exert. Man's moral or spiritual nature can be developed only in this way; by the communication of moral truths or ideas to the mind. Our notions of matter come from sensation in the first place, and our moral ideas from another mind which has already formed them. Thus we see that the moral powers are developed in a way entirely different from that which develops our sensational nature.

The third class of powers may be recognized as that of knowledge. The faculty of knowledge enables us to study and verify ideas; these moral judgments, these laws of right and wrong, and their influence in developing our moral or spiritual powers; and out of this knowl-

edge the mind constructs a science of mind and morals. This faculty of knowledge takes cognizance of all our sensations and ideas, of both our sensational and spiritual development; and from these two sources are derived all the materials with which this faculty of knowledge has to deal. By a study of these, and of the relations seen between them and the laws which govern them, does the mind obtain all its notions, ideas and thoughts, out of which to build up systems of science, whether of matter or of mind. Expediency and utility are the laws deduced from a study of nature; and while a science of matter and motion may be constructed out of them, a science of morality must be constructed out of very different materials—out of ideas.

Man studies the facts of the understanding in the light of the facts of reason and by it attains to a more exalted idea of the power, and wisdom, and goodness of that Great Fact, without which a morality is impossible—the existence and character of God. The understanding and the reason deal each with a distinct set of facts, and develop in man separate and distinct powers. By reason I do not mean the mere logical faculty, but that faculty by which the spirit obtains cognizance of spiritual truth. There is a natural and spiritual perception; the intellect perceives the facts and notions of the one and the ideas of the other. With this view of the human mind, we must admit that all our moral ideas and truths must be received by revelation. Revelation is the communication of facts and ideas and truths to the human mind, which it cannot obtain through outward perception, and the knowledge thus derived is grounded upon faith; a belief in the truth of the communication founded upon what the mind feels is sufficient evidence.

The laws of the understanding and the intellect cannot be carried into the spiritual of man. The spirit has its own laws, and it is in the light of the spirit that all our other capacities are to be studied.

With this view of man's varied capacity, intellectual and moral culture are questions of vital importance to every youthful mind. The point of contact between subjective morality and objective morality, between practical and absolute truth, will be found in a faith in the existence and character of God. That morality and religion are identical,

each expounding the duties of humanity to itself and to God, are important points and may be further considered hereafter.

S. W. Richards.

"We are created for the express purpose of increase. There are none correctly organized, but can increase from birth to old age."—*Brigham Young.*

THREE SMOKE-BEGRIMED HUTS.

I WAS passing along a street in the poorer portion of a city, when my attention was directed to a lot, which was separated from the street by an old broken-down fence. There were patches of weeds and grass, last year's dry stalks almost hiding the fresh growth; an untrimmed hedge, and a few scraggy-looking trees. In a hollow place was a filthy pool of water, in which half-starved pigs were wallowing. Near the centre of the enclosure stood an old, smoke-begrimed hut, filthy on the outside, and filthier still within, as could be seen through the half-open door. Just in front of the hut, his tattered clothing and general appearance of unthrift quite in keeping with his disorderly surroundings, sat the besotted owner of the place, smoking a grimy pipe.

I glanced casually at the scene as I passed, noticing in a careless, indifferent way the features I have mentioned. There was nothing to hold my attention, nothing uncommon, everything was in order; I had often seen such pictures before.

Soon I entered that part of the city occupied by the wealthier and better educated classes. I was gazing admiringly on the evidences of taste and refinement, as well as of wealth, that were shown in the design and workmanship of the beautiful residences on either side of the street, and also in the pleasing order of their surroundings, when my eyes alighted on a scene that caused me to start back with amazement, which amazement soon ripened into disgust, deepening from that into anger and

indignation. There, as if in mockery of its beautiful surroundings, stood the exact counterpart of the unsightly hut I had seen in the lower part of the city. The lot, in which this house (if house it could be called) stood, was only a trifle less beautiful and orderly than those around it; but a close examination revealed the fact that the smoke from the house had blighted some of the nearest flowers and trees, and that, for some rods around, the otherwise lovely lawn was blackened by soot.

There were beautiful flower-beds, picturesque arbors, a miniature lake, grassy banks, shady walks under stately trees; but I could not enjoy their beauty, for, in spite of me, my eyes would wander back to that wretched hovel, with its circle of blighted vegetation.

Presently the owner of the place came forth from his den, stooping to avoid knocking his head against the top of the doorway. He was tolerably well dressed, and looked like a gentleman; but about his noble form and handsome face there was a certain devil-may-care, going-to-the-dogs manner and expression that reminded me of the owner of the other "hut."

My first impulse was to remonstrate sharply with him for disgracing himself, his neighbor's, Nature, and Nature's God, by suffering that smoky hut to stand there; but I controlled myself, knowing I had no right in the premises, and not knowing how my interference might be taken. I accosted him civilly, and spoke about the weather, the crops, the trees, the flowers, the—the cabin.

"Why do you let it remain there? Why don't you tear it down, level the spot, and plant flowers there? Or, if you are able, why not build a residence that will better harmonize with its surroundings?"

"Oh! too much bother," is the careless reply. "It harms no one but myself; and I can put up with it." That is all the satisfaction I can get, and I go away smothering with difficulty my indignant feelings.

How many of us have an unsightly fault, a "smoke-begrimed hut," in the fair garden-spot of life, which we think it "too much bother" to remove, and whose influence is blackening, blighting the otherwise lovely graces of our character. Being accustomed to it we fail to realize its hideousness and by way of excuse say, "it harms no one but ourselves."

There is a low order of humanity in whom we are not surprised to see faults; they are so uniform in their depravity that no particular fault is prominent, and therefore we are not moved deeply to pity or to condemn. When, however, we see a single fault "amid a splendid array of goodly qualities," there is something so inharmonious about it that our eyes will see nothing else but that fault, that "smoky, sooty hovel;" and if the possessor of that fault could see and realize how his whole being is deformed by it, as clearly as those around him can, he would put himself to the "bother" of annihilating it forever.

"O' wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And idle notion."

Israel Bennion.

A GREAT NEW YORK FIRE.

NOT the largest fire New York has ever seen, but the largest in very many years, was the conflagration of April 19th. As a spectacle, nothing more beautiful has ever been seen in the city than the vast pillar of flame that nearly all night illuminated the western sky. As a vision of disaster, nothing for a long time has carried such dismay to the underwriters, for more than three

million dollars vanished in the tremendous clouds of smoke that floated slowly off toward the north. All was insured, so that the insurance companies, and not the New York Central Railroad Company, whose property was destroyed, were the losers.

The fire began in a brick building used as a storehouse by a lard company and a grain and provision house. This was situated between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth streets and Eleventh and Twelfth avenues. The inflammable contents of the building fed the flames so rapidly that in spite of the efforts of the seventy men and boys employed on the premises, the fire was uncontrollable before the Fire Department could come to the rescue. Before the total destruction of this building occurred the only fatal accident of the fire was witnessed by thousands of persons who had gathered to watch the beautiful show. The flames had spread so rapidly that one of the workmen was caught in a third-story room. He might have escaped, for a ladder was put to the window by the firemen, but he was so badly bewildered that he was unable to climb out, and at the last moment, when fairly singed with the flames, he leaped or fell to the sidewalk, and was almost instantly killed.

The gathering crowds that were attracted had every opportunity to see the fire, for on all sides, excepting the water-front, are cliffs and crags that form a natural amphitheatre. The blaze was so great that it was visible from all parts of the city, and it was estimated that thirty thousand spectators went to the scene. They saw the flames leap from the storehouse to a great grain elevator, ten stories high, and holding one hundred and twenty thousand bushels of oats. This was speedily consumed, and the next elevator, nearly as large, but also far from full, was ignited, and in a short time was totally destroyed. Then, with a mighty burst, the whole tremendous conflagration seemed fairly to leap forward on some enormous sheds, in which were stored quantities of oil. These once fairly aflame, all efforts to check the fire were useless, and in some

six hours' time an area of several acres was almost entirely denuded of buildings. From Fifty-ninth to Sixty-fifth streets, and from the water-front back to Eleventh Avenue, was little but a mass of charred ruins.

The fierceness of the blaze can be estimated by the fact that whole sheets of heavy wrapping paper were carried by the draught full half a mile in the air, and dropped more than four miles away from the scene of the fire. Not for twenty-four hours were the flames entirely quenched, but after the first six hours they were under control. The fire was a cogent reminder of the danger to which New York is exposed by the neglect of ordinary precautions against the placing of highly combustible materials where rapid ignition of sur-

rounding buildings is almost a certainty. As the *Evening Post* put the case: "It wanted only a gale of wind blowing from the northwest instead of a light wind from the southwest to have engulfed the city as completely as Chicago was engulfed in October, 1871. Even under conditions favorable in respect of the sheltered position of the burning building, the proximity to water, the aid of the Fire Department's steamboats, the mild temperature, and the slight wind, one side protected by the river and another side by the bluff, a breast of flame gathered wider in extent than any fire brigade in the world could manage."

Endeavor to be perfect in the calling in which you are engaged.

BELFAST TO BANGOR.

A PLEASANT trip it is along the Lough from Belfast to Bangor. It is pleasant if one goes by rail, but much more so to indulge in the luxury of a jaunting car, and roll merrily along the well-kept road, lined, as it is with green hedges, mostly of hawthorne; though it is not a rare occurrence to see beech and laurel and even ivy. No finer hedge can be imagined than one composed of Irish juniper. It is so close, so fine, and can be trimmed into almost every conceivable shape. Even were the jaunting car man as surly and no more communicative than the average English railway official one could not tire of the journey, because of the great variety of prospects upon which the eye is feasting the whole time. But the barber-like chit chat of the driver (which is here known as "a crack") excludes the possibility of the trip becoming in any way monotonous or tiresome, even under circumstances much less favorable. Like the Scotchman, there is no subject under heaven that he will not discuss with you, from the price of the pork market and the state of the world politically to the

advent of the star of Bethlehem and the import of a new breed of Shanghai chickens. Unlike the "Caledonian, stern and wild," however, his opinions are built more on the india rubber principle, and he manages to accommodate himself and his views to the taste and views of his patrons. In view of this fact, a longer ride than this ten miles might be pleasantly beguiled by the volatile conversation of the typical jaunting car driver.

Going by rail, the journey is made in forty minutes, making six stops on the road, and passing through a section which, while practically devoid of historical interest, is nevertheless remarkable for the abundance and variety of charming landscapes. Passing through numerous cuts, all short, one breaks out from each upon a view of surprising loveliness. There is a great plentitude of trees of different varieties and they seem to have been so arranged as to give effect and to add to the already great attractiveness of this short line. At one time the train is almost on the shore—the next instant it is buried in

trees; then through a cut, up the sides of which the grass grows thickly together with wild flowers and wild shrubs that bear bloom of richest hues; then it emerges and runs leisurely through a well-tilled field, or past the country residence of some Irish "blood," through the trees surrounding whose domicile the placid waters of the blue Lough may be seen reflecting back the warm rays of the summer sun. One change follows another so fast, resembling, yet unlike all else, that it is impossible for one to grow weary, and while I have traveled it again and again there is always a freshness about it that makes it delightful. The road, too, keeps well along the shore, not so close as the track of the railway, it is true, but close enough to hold the ocean and the Lough within sight the greater part of the way. There are some delightful bits of scenery on the way; the very choicest spots imaginable; winding lanes where the hedges have grown rank and wild, with sweet briar and blackberry mingled and the thorne sometimes assuming tree-like proportions and meeting over one's head. Long grass intermingled with ferns and pea vine and other creepers, line the way, and at the end is the old fashioned stile so little used as to be damp and moss-covered, with the wayside spring near by that darts away from under one's feet and wanders noiselessly through the meadow hard by. The old stile mentioned is presumably the one referred to by Lady Dufferin where she sang, in the "Irish Emigrant's Lament," "Im sitting on the stile Mary, where we sat side by side," for the spire of the little church (not that 'round the corner) can be seen pointing its gilded finger toward the blue of heaven. Gazed at on a bright May morning with its sweet surroundings it is such a picture as is not, poetically put, to be sneezed at. A piece of road between Belfast and Holywood is unrivaled in my memory by any thing of the kind I have seen before, and I certainly do not expect to see it surpassed. The road, within a stone's throw of the ocean, follows the curve

of the shore and passes beneath a perfect bower, formed by the interlocking of branches of huge beech trees that guard either side of the road for quite a distance. Following the road on its way to Bangor, it gradually leaves the shore and a grove takes the place of the ocean. Several springs break out and twist their sinuous ways to the ocean. Beside one of these, and not far distant from the highway, is a little old octagon house, buried beneath ivy fully three or four inches deep, with a thatched roof that is now green with moss and age. The old folk that live in it, so naturally suited to the quaint little place, the blue smoke losing its way through the dense shade of the noble trees, the embowered roadway and the recollection of the superb view of the ocean that one has been so loth to leave behind, are such a picture as one might be willing cheerfully to accord the "cake"—its "graun," as the County Down man would say.

Another feature on this road is the great number of country residences that line the way; and as they are nearly all occupied by persons of considerable wealth, great taste is displayed in their decoration and very little money has been spared to make them beautiful. From the shore inland for over a mile a large part of the country on the County Down side of the Lough is thus used; and the broad, graveled roads, the neat porters' lodges and the tasteful arrangement of grounds, together with the great variety and beauty of architectural design in the construction of houses, gives a sense of luxury (which is not, however, unmingled with a sense of comfort) that is positively refreshing on a dry and dusty day. Nor is the ruined kirk wanting, as a fine and well preserved ruin of a small one is also passed on the way—a specimen of the old style headstone or coffin lid having recently been discovered beneath its ruins. It is about seven feet long, shaped like a coffin, on one side of which is carved, in a very primitive manner, a vine, one branch of which has been clipped off, the scissors with which it

has been done being put in its place. No name nor date appears; the missing branch and the scissors are very suggestive. The tower still stands and is overgrown with ivy and moss, but the roof is gone and the walls inclose a number of graves and some headstones which make pretensions at artistic effect.

During the summer the road is preferred to the railway by those who own 'gigs, and a walk along the shore for miles is a treat that very many avail themselves of. Approaching Bangor the ground rises and for a long distance a full and magnificent view of the ocean is spread out before admiring eyes. The outer point of the Lough has been reached when Bangor is arrived at, though the land runs north for a considerable distance beyond that place on its side of the Lough; but on the opposite side turns abruptly to the left and the Lough loses its identity in the broad ocean. There was a time, thirty or thirty-five years ago, when the Mormons, as I learn, used to do some proselyting in this section, and for a time they were fairly successful. It must have been a pronounced change for those who emigrated from this Eden-like part of the world to the then practically sterile wastes of Utah—from a rolling country of surprisingly verdant hues, with the roar of the ocean always within hearing distance, to the alkali flats and sagebrush wastes of the Rocky Mountains, and the mountain torrents that had to be taken as substitutes for the pleasant "burn" and the foam-crested wave.

This letter should be called a "caprice." What I intended to write was about a neat little inn that I discovered on the road from Belfast to Bangor, but the pen indulged its freak and proved again the infallibility of the truth set down in the old couplet, "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of pen." *R. W. Sloan.*

TIME SERVERS.

HOW MANY men there are, holding good, paying positions as journeymen, who are really of no value unless kept

constantly under the eye of the foreman or their employer! They are simply time servers, who take no interest in the business they represent beyond the actual time necessary to count them a day's work. They work when closely watched because they are obliged to, not from any motive of honor or interest in the business.

What can be expected of such workmen but that they will shirk their work and idle their time at every opportunity?

If you cannot give your employer your full time for which he pays, and take some interest in his business, you had better leave him at once. To this he is entitled, and has a right to expect it of you.

If your mind is not upon your work, you cannot expect to accomplish it with any degree of satisfaction to your employer or credit to yourself.

In going about from one shop to another it is a very easy matter to pick out the time servers. Upon the slightest pretext they drop their work to talk or look about, and are always ready to get out of the door the moment the clock strikes six, and their example is very rapidly followed by the apprentice or younger workmen. They have to be constantly watched, and this fact, being known to the firm, is not long in having its results.

Employers are more generally knowing to the habits and qualities of the men they employ than the men often realize, and they invariably know who are the time servers among them, so that when there comes a convenient opportunity or a lull in business, these are the first to be discharged.

It pays to be faithful and to do your best at all times, and more especially when your employer is not watching. If you must idle away time, do it when he is about, but don't dishonor yourself or betray his confidence by taking advantage of his absence.

This is one of the worst features of our American system. It is an example which is set by the older men, and which is readily adopted by apprentices, and it is the exception rather than the rule

that we find a young man who is sufficiently interested in his own welfare and his employer's as well to give his full time and attention to his work. Those who do this are sure of success, and it is from among such that have risen those

men whose names are written upon the pages of history as having made their mark in the world, and left behind not only pleasant recollections, but a shining example that is worthy of a careful imitation.—*The Practical Mechanic.*

OVER A CENTURY AGO.

A WRITER in an English monthly has reviewed important events that transpired in 1785—events important to England. The war with America had terminated and Mr. Adams was received by George III as the first minister from the United States. William Pitt, then only twenty-six years of age was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister, a position he had attained while he was but twenty-four years of age. "The Westminster Scrutiny," which resulted in a riot, occurred over certain election returns. The result was that Fox brought an action against the high bailiff of Westminster for £100,000 and received from the jury a verdict for £2,000. Animated discussions were going on in Ireland over Parliamentary reforms, also vigorous attempts were making to obtain the elective franchise for Roman Catholics and for greater freedom for Irish trades and industries, while Pitt himself declaimed against the jealousy that England displayed toward Ireland, the object for the accomplishment of which the agitation was inaugurated and serious riots in Dublin and other large towns followed. It was this year also that Warren Hastings sailed from India after being Governor-General for thirteen years, and this year also that the war against him in Parliament was commenced by Burke, whom Macaulay refers to as the "greatest man then living." Than the early scenes in the impeachment of Hastings there is little more interesting in English history. The established church had become almost entirely Tory in its politics. John Wesley was now eighty-two and still hard at work; Paley published *Moral Philosophy*, the most elaborate of his works;

Blair's lectures on rhetoric also appeared this year. For nineteen years before this time William Cowper had been writing poems at the little town of Olney, which has since become famous because of him. In 1785 he finished "The Task," and suddenly leaped into favor through the medium of the peculiar production, "John Gilpin." It was picked up and read by a celebrated elocutionist and in a short time was read in every inn and recited to the untold delight of all who heard it. This made his works, so serious and almost melancholy in their nature, sought after, and he became famous. There were then in their vigor Wm. Hayley, now known as a friend of Cowper, rather than for his own literary merit; and James Beattie, author of "The Minstrel," which George III pronounced the finest poem in the English language, a position which late generations has by no means been willing to accord it. Robert Burns was twenty-six and this year wrote his "Cotter's Saturday Night;" Hannah More still lived. John Howard was yet alive and of him it was said by Dean Millman, "perhaps no man has assuaged so much human misery." The monument to Howard was the first ever erected in St. Paul's. That satirical "Peter Pindar," (Dr. John Walcott) by no means free from scurrility, was still working in this year. Sheridan the dramatist wrote "The Rivals" in 1785. Richard Cumberland was then famous as a dramatist, essayist, poet and novelist. He was honored with a grave in Westminster and his coffin was exposed while the grave was making in which the remains of Chas. Dickens were to be interred. George Colman,

Mrs. Cowley, the author of "The Belles Strategem," and Macklin, author of "The Man of the World," had not yet departed from this scene. Garrick and Foote, the actors, died in 1784, but John Philip Kemble and Sarah Siddons, the former never surpassed and the latter perhaps never equaled, were then famous. She was thirty then and he was twenty-eight. Joseph Grimaldi, the prince of clowns, was six years old, but appeared this year as a monkey and made a sensation. Hume, the historian, was dead, Robertson still lived, but had done writing, but Gibbons, the unrivaled, this year finished his famous work on the Shores of Lake Lucerne. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the artist, was sixty-two years old. Benjamin West, the American, also lived. It was he that introduced into figure-painting the actual costumes of the times, the set plan or form then being to dress all figures in Greek or Roman dress; while Gainsborough, George Romney, and John Singleton Copley, like West, American born—were famous. Gambling was the common pastime, and ladies of the highest nobility were the proprietors of gambling dens. Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Archer, and Lady Mount Edgecombe were so notorious for their gambling propensities that they were commonly known as "Faro's daughters." Ballooning was in vogue and the first catastrophe occurred in June of that year, caused by fire while in the air. Robberies were frequent. Twenty-four persons were sentenced to death on June 16th, 1785, for highway robbery and on that day week fifteen of them were hanged together. The death is also chronicled this year of Mary Cameron, who lived to be one hundred and thirty-nine years old.

WHY SIXTY SECONDS MAKE A MINUTE.

THE following from Max Muller, the distinguished philologist of Oxford, England, is exceedingly interesting:

"Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds,

etc? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as sixty. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into twenty-four parasangs, or seven hundred and twenty stadia. Each parasang or hour was sub-divided into sixty minutes. A parasang is about a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the twenty-four equinoctial hours was fixed at twenty-four parasangs, or seven hundred and twenty stadia, or three hundred and sixty degrees.

"This system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B. C. introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A. D. and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins, and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal—that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of sixty minutes. Here you see again, the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about a hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of

the palaces of Babylon and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids and to thank them for what they had done for us."

CENTURY HYMN 1789-1889.*

Strengthened and trained by toils and tears,
Born of the bold, the brave and free,
A nation with its hundred years,
Its tribute brings, O Lord, to Thee.

What blessings from Thy sovereign hand,
What trials has the century brought!
How has this free and glorious land
Been loved, defended, led, and taught!

Our cautious feet, by night, by day,
Slowly the upward path have trod,
God was our light, and God our stay,
In flood and fire, in grief and blood.

So the brave oak, in calm and storm,
Spreads its broad root and boughs abroad,
Grows grand in grace and stalwart form,
Honored of men, and loved of God.

The century ends—our hosts in peace
Hold the broad land from sea to sea.
And every tongue, and every breeze,
Swells the sweet anthem of the free.

Still may the banner of Thy love
O'er all our land in glory rest—
Our Heaven-appointed ægis prove,
And make the coming centuries blest.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

PROFESSOR BARTLETT, of Dartmouth College, says that many men know more than is healthy, and might better have read less and thought more, thus increasing the mental muscle rather than adipose. The power of Webster

* Written by S. F. Smith, D. D., Author of "America."

consisted, not in the wonderful knowledge of law he brought to bear upon his work, but in mastering his cases so thoroughly, and stating them so clearly, that they seemed too plain to be argued about. It was a characteristic of Abraham Lincoln that he presented his issues so tersely, simply, and clearly, that he won the very humblest among his hearers, and his readers could readily appreciate his words. Knowledge is not what we remember, but what we make our own. The best thing ever said concerning knowledge is that it is a *power*—the power of taking it in through the senses, and working it over so as to serve the best uses of life. Whoever has this power over what he knows is an educated person.

It is sometimes said that such a one has a good education, but can make no use of it. In other words, he has *holding* capacity, but no *manufacturing* or *working over* faculty. There are thousands who can repeat nearly all they ever read, but are practical failures. Now, the fact is, the ordinary man gets along with very little knowledge of what books teach. If the most successful merchants, lawyers, doctors, mechanics, grocers, contractors, should be examined on algebra, higher arithmetic, and ancient, or even modern history, and geography, how would they stand? Give them the same examination their children receive in the higher grades of a good district school, and the majority would fail. Does this prove that they are not well educated? Does it show that the drill they received in school was lost?

GREAT MEN'S AUTOGRAPHS.

THE manuscript room in the British Museum contains some rare literary curiosities. It must be very entertaining to the student of character by means of chirography. Not only does the collection of authographs include those of many sovereigns and potentates, but also those of many persons of eminence in

Great Britain as well as some of individuals of foreign nationality. In this collection, at least, that caste which is believed to be the curse of the living is, to all appearances, obliterated as thoroughly as the grave is said to do it, for the names of men famous for their intellectual attainments attract no less attention

than do those of wide reputation because of birth and because of the victories of arms. The preservation of these autographs and their accessibility for the inspection of the admiring and the curious, is desirable as affording an opportunity for observing the development (perhaps "evolution" would be the better word, in this evolving age) in the character of penmanship during the period this collection embraces down to the present time. Here in "his own hand write—write it himself"—as we read of Columbus in "The Innocents Abroad," are to be seen the names of men famous over the civilized world. Francis Bacon, a work in his own hand, with signature attached; Erasmus, the scholar and reformer; Martin Luther, his name being in the Wittenberg Bible of 1541 as well as his ninety-five Theses against the Indulgence of 1517; Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas Moore; Wm. Penn, Sir Isaac Newton, Michael Angelo, the second coming of Italians; Paul Rembrandt, Jos. Addison, Dryden, Dean Swift, the great Pitt, George Washington, Lord George Gordon, in a letter declining the purchase of a yacht which had been tendered him, the signature being "Noel Byron;" Edmund Burke, a plain hand; Charles J. Fox, the great statesman, orator and gambler; Oliver Cromwell, writes a plain, straight hand, easily read; John Milton, the signature being to the deed of sale of "Paradise Lost;" Locke, Dr. Johnson, in addition to whose autograph is shown in his own hand, the original draft of his tragedy of "Irene;" Thomas Babington Macaulay, besides whose signature is the manuscript of the concluding chapter of his history of England. The original draft of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" is with his signature; it gives evidence of very little alteration, while the writing of Macaulay shows a great deal of change. Robert Burns's name is to his autobiography; Lawrence Sterne, the erratic minister and author of "Tristram Shandy;" Alexander Pope's "Iliad," which bears evidence of such painful revision that it cannot be likened unto anything known; an autograph produc-

tion of Edmund Spencer; Wellington's name appears to a note in which he gives the number of cavalry under his command just previous to the battle of Waterloo. Mendelssohn, F. P. Schubert, L. von Beethoven, W. A. Mozart (who I see is yet accounted the greatest composer that lived), F. J. Hayden, G. A. Rossini, Sir H. Bishop, Godfred Händel and Meyerbeer are the names of eminent composers whose autographs are scrutinized by the curious. The original manuscript of several of the productions of these composers can be viewed by the interested, side by side with which are also displayed books showing the progress made in musical notation, many of which are superbly bound and beautifully illuminated. One is also attracted by a number of magnificently embossed and vellumed works with illuminated borders containing songs and prayers in metre and interspersed between which are lines of music. The last letter written by Charles Dickens is here also; the signatures are also shown of Bulwer Lytton, Dr. Jeremy Taylor, George Whitefield, the great preacher; Johann Wolfgang von Goethe; Ben Johnson, "O, Rare Ben Johnson;" Melancthon, the reformer; Tasso, Voltaire, Catharine Parr, John Knox, Sir Phillip Sydney, the soldier, who while lying wounded on the field and famished with thirst, waived the proffered water to a poor private who lay near him and craved it; Hampden, Sir Christopher Wren, Ariosto, Galileo, Moliere; Calvin's name is to an autograph production; Cardinals Wolsey and Cranmer, and Thomas Gray, with the original draft of his "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard." It seems singular, but it is nevertheless a fact, that everything about the edifices which contain either the reminiscences or bones of the great dead, though constantly thronged with the living, suggests the presence of a power for dissolution which cannot be escaped, which obtrudes itself everywhere, and which gives a marvelous emphasis to the words of the poem that are shown on the open page:

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

Awaits alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Forgive, ye proud, the involuntary fault,
If memory to these no trophies raise,
Where, through the long drawn aisle and fretted
vault,

The peeling anthem swells the song of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Among the autographs of sovereigns are: Richard III, Henry VIII, Anne Bolyn, Jane Gray, Queen Mary, and her will; a book of prayers copied out by that masculine Queen and reputed strumpet, Elizabeth; Queen Anne, J. Stuart, the Pretender; Georges I, II and III; Emperor Charles V, Francis II of France; Philip II of Spain, Catherine de Medici, Louis XIV, Peter the Great, Charles XII, Frederick the Great, Catharine II of Russia, and Napoleon Bonaparte.

A sketch of the battle of Aboukir by Nelson is among other curiosities; a portion of the original draft of Hogarth's "Line of Beauty;" the original act of constituting the municipal council of Cologne. To this interesting document are attached twenty-three seals varying from three and a half inches to one inch in diameter. They hang from the docu-

ment like the pendulums of clocks, and together resemble the weights one frequently sees hanging pendant from some old broken dish which has been stuck together by a cement in which the dear public is advised to invest. In the older state documents the seal is a tremendous affair, not being far from the size of a horse's hoof. Another singular document is a manuscript folio of commentaries on some of the products of Pope Innocent VI. It was partially destroyed by the fire at Ashburton House, Westminster, 1731. As it stands now on one end, with the leaves partially opened and burned, it looks at a distance like a plaster cast of a bad man's head, such as would provoke a sensation of inexpressible delight in any phrenologist who might be accorded the rapture of running his digits caressingly over its surface. Here also is the Mazarin, or first Bible printed, a copy of which brought \$17,000; also the first printed psalter; the first book printed in France; "The Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers," printed by Caxton at Westminster, in 1477, being the first book printed in England. There are also collections of other manuscripts which might be enumerated without end. It is a curious place and an interesting one to persons with a library leaning.

Wanderer.

A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

AS A lesson in temperance the following statement and letter are very effective. The facts as related are strictly true, and in the original letter, which was before the writer when this was copied, the names in every instance are given, but have here been left blank for various reasons. Many of the residents of southern Idaho, will remember the circumstances, the killing, the trial and other details, and will be able to supply the names.

It appears that early last spring a company of young men from southern Idaho went to Boise to work on some canal which was in course of construc-

tion in that region. They had traveled a considerable distance in the cold, and arrived at Boise one night weary from their long journey; a number of the rougher, but yet good-hearted, members of the camp went into the city and spent the night in the saloons, many of them probably for the first time in their lives becoming intoxicated. They made the bleak night resound with their coarse and vulgar language, and cut capers of which many of them would have been heartily ashamed under other circumstances. The fact that this camp was in the city, and that some of its members had conducted themselves in this in-

glorious and drunken manner, was communicated to the Boise Territorial Penitentiary, and, coming to the ears of a brother who was confined there on the charge of unlawful cohabitation, was made use of to give the lecture to these young men found in the letter which follows. The letter was written by a young man who tells his own fearful story, his proud, but now repentant, spirit having been subdued by the terrible ordeals which he has passed through since his confinement in the jail ten years ago. Here is the letter:

IDAHO PENITENTIARY, MARCH, 1889.
To the Boys of — Camp, near Boise City.

GENTLEMEN.—At the request of Mr. —, a gentleman serving a term of imprisonment here for unlawful cohabitation, I write you this letter, giving a little of the experience of the writer, in the hope that it will prevent some of you from unconsciously wrecking your lives in the way that I did mine.

Ten years ago if any one should have told me I should have occupied a felon's cell, and worn the garb of a criminal, I should have thought him crazy, given him a sarcastic laugh, as you would probably do now if told the same, and then drunk to his speedy return to a sane condition. I was then a boy as you are now: happy as one could be with good health, a little money, and a demijohn hid on a fence corner to drink from when dry. And, like you, I tried to convince myself that the liquid fire I poured down my throat was pleasing to the palate, and produced a hilarious mood that all should get into on holidays or when traveling anywhere except to church. Although tears came in my eyes over the burning, and the hilarious mood would vanish and leave a headache, I maintained that I had had a good time, and that was sufficient compensation for the injury to health, and the loss of a friend whom I, perchance, quarreled with while drunk. I knew that other men looked and acted like fools when drunk, yet I was very sure it was different with me. I could not when sober remember the witty sayings that had caused so much laughter, but was very sure I had been

agreeable to the company and had played any part but that of a fool. Since studying the case, however, for the last ten years, I am not so sure of my position.

You may say you are not in danger by taking a drink once in a while, still you must admit that drunkards at first are only tipplers, and I will add, that, though I was never a drunkard, a pint of whisky ruined my life, blackened my reputation for all time, and confined me to a felon's cell where I have spent the best years of my existence. Now at the age of thirty, when men should be in their prime, I am more broken in health than at the age of fifty.

I will now give you a short sketch of my experiences and, although you may blame me, still if you are candid you must admit that you run the same danger if you are addicted to the social glass.

On the 29th of May, 1879, I, in company with three others, started from Market Lake to Camas Creek, to work on the railroad. When the boys were ready to start I was busy settling a book account, and told them not to hurry me, and I would treat when we got to Sand Holes. When we arrived there we went into a store kept by Mr. — for the purpose of getting some whisky. I asked Mr. — if he had whisky for sale and he replied that he had two kinds: one at fifty cents a pint and one at one dollar. I told him I would take a pint of his best. He filled a pint bottle, gave it to me and I paid him a dollar. I handed the bottle to the boys, they drank and returned it to me. I poured some into a glass, tasted it and found it was a very poor quality of liquor, and, as I had paid the price for good whisky, it made me a little mad in not getting it. So I asked Mr. — if he called that good whisky. He replied that he did, and so did anyone that knew good whisky. I said I did not doubt that it was his best but I pitied his worst. He replied to the effect that I was a fool, and did not know good whisky. I answered with an oath that he was a liar. He called me a — — — and grabbed a revolver that lay on a shelf behind the bar, but before

he could use it, I drew one from my pocket and shot him. His pistol fell from his hand to the floor, his body lunged forward, struck the bar and fell beside the pistol; and the man, who but a moment before stood in front of me in perfect health, now lay at my feet a corpse. I believed he would have taken my life had I not fired the fatal shot when I did, but had worlds been at my command I would have freely given them if it would have put life in that silent and stiffened form. Regrets were of no avail. I had taken that which I had not the power to restore, so must go through life and be pointed at as a slayer of my fellow man. One pint of whisky had sent a man to his maker, made a wife a widow, orphaned a family of small children who would weep in vain for a father's loving care, and blasted the hope and blackened the name of another for all time.

I went about a mile and a half to a railroad camp, told what I had done, handed my pistol to a friend and told him to arrest me. I was then taken to Malad City heavily ironed and put in jail to await the action of the grand jury. I was positive that I never would be convicted, but when the court said I was indicted for murder in the first degree and convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary, I knew that the verdict was wrong, and that lawyers' trickery in packing a jury composed of friends of the deceased were responsible for it; but as the world always accepts the decree of a jury, I had to submit to it, though it was a bitter pill to take. There were fewer men prouder of their reputation than I was, yet the loss of it was nothing to the agony I endured as I watched my aged mother with tears streaming down her face, begging and praying that justice would be given her son.

That was a long time ago, but the picture is as vivid as if it happened but yesterday, and that is one reason why I write you this letter, and with a hope that it will be the means of preventing some poor mother from shedding bitter

tears of anguish over the thoughtless act of her wayward son.

There are none among you who would not rather suffer death than see your loved mother tortured as mine was when I was on trial for my life. Can you afford for the sake of a social glass, to risk driving all joy from the heart of the best friend that a boy will ever have? If you cannot, let whisky alone. But if you cannot for the suffering of the one being on earth whose love cannot be killed, be hail fellow, well met. Drink and be merry, and, sooner or later, you will see the smile driven from your mother's face. She may try to appear cheerful at your approach, but the forced smile will be sadder than death.

There are in the prisons of the United States one hundred thousand men, ninety thousand of whom are victims of intoxicating liquor. Imagine if you can the silent suffering of those near and dear to that number. Then decide whether you will be a joy to your home, an honor to your manhood, or a worthless drunken sot, the object of contempt from all honest men, and the butt of loafers' and street gammon's jeers.

A few words more and I will have finished. I have heard that some of you were seen on the streets of Boise making night hideous with your yelling. If it is true, for the love of God and your own self-respect let it be the last time that it ever happens.

Boys, I am a stranger to you all, and it is more than probable that we will never meet, and you should therefore know that the writing of this letter is far from being a pleasure to me, and only done in the hope that it may prove a benefit to some of you. If such happens to be the case the writer will not regret recalling a painful past.

With kind wishes to you all, I am,

Yours respectfully,

"No man can be exalted unless he be independent. * * * Mankind are naturally independent and intelligent beings, they have been created for the express purpose of exalting themselves."

RESTORATION OF THE MELCHISEDEC PRIESTHOOD.

THE study of the subject of the Holy or Melchisedec Priesthood, including the Aaronic, is one of vast importance to the human family. The student of the true science of theology will readily comprehend the necessity of its existence among men, for the reason that true theology, or the Church of Jesus Christ, cannot exist without it. It lies at the foundation of the church, it is the authority by which the church is established or organized, built up and governed, and by which the Gospel is preached, and all the ordinances thereof designed for the salvation of mankind are administered or solemnized. No ordinance of the Gospel can be performed acceptably to God or with efficacy to man except by its authority and power, and certainly there is no ordinance or rite instituted by the Almighty in the great plan of redemption which is not essential to the salvation or exaltation of his children. Therefore, where the Melchisedec or Holy Priesthood does not exist, there can be no true Church of Christ in its fulness. When this Priesthood is not found among mankind they are destitute of the power of God, and therefore of the true science of theology, or the church and religion of Jesus Christ who is the great High Priest and Apostle of our salvation. While the Prophet Joseph Smith was engaged in translating the Book of Mormon, in 1829, he and Oliver Cowdery became animated over the truths and glorious promises unfolded to them in their work, and desired to reach out after these blessings before their work was done, but the Lord gently admonished them not to be in a hurry; he said: "You must wait yet a little while, for ye are not yet ordained," but the promise was given that they should be ordained thereafter, and they should go forth and deliver the word of God unto the children of men, and he pronounced a woe upon the inhabitants of the earth if they would not then hearken unto their words.

The ordinary meaning of the word Priesthood, as generally understood and applied in the world, signifies a class or body of men set apart for sacred duties,

or holding the priestly office, or an order of persons composed of priests spoken of or taken collectively. This is not, however, the sense in which the words, Melchisedec or Holy Priesthood, are used here. Reference is made in this article to the sacred office itself, or the principle of power which constitutes the office, and is the authority by which individuals or the several orders, or quorums, as we use the term, composing the Priesthood of the church, may legitimately act in the name of the Lord; or the moving, directing, controlling, governing or presiding agency, right and authority which is vested in the Godhead and delegated unto man for the purposes of his instruction, initiation into the church, spiritual and temporal guidance, government and exaltation. That is the Melchisedec Priesthood, which is without father, without mother, or descent, or beginning of days, or end of life, which the great High Priest, Melchisedec, so honored and magnified in his time that it was called after his name, in honor to him and to avoid the too frequent repetition of the name of the Son of God.

This distinction between the quorums of the Priesthood and the Priesthood itself should always be kept in mind in the use of the term Melchisedec or Holy Priesthood. The Holy Priesthood after the order of the Son of God was the original name given to this Priesthood. Subsequently it was called the Melchisedec Priesthood. This Priesthood was confirmed upon Adam, Abel, Seth, Enoch, Methuselah, Noah, Melchisedec, Abraham, Moses and many others, and doubtless upon many of the Prophets prior to the birth of Christ, and by Jesus himself, the great High Priest, upon his chosen disciples among the Jews, before his crucifixion, and upon the Nephite disciples upon this continent, after his resurrection and ascension on high. These he made his apostles, to bear witness of him upon both hemispheres and to all the world; and doubtless the Savior conferred this Priesthood upon other disciples whom He chose from among the "other sheep"

of whom He spoke to the Nephites, which were not of the folds of the Jews or of the Nephites, whose records are yet to come forth to bear witness of Him, in the due time of the Lord.

We learn from the revelations that God took Moses, and the Holy Priesthood also, out of the midst of the children of Israel. But the lesser or Aaronic Priesthood, which was confirmed upon Aaron and his seed, continued among them till the coming of Christ in the meridian of time. John, the son of Zacharias, was probably the last who held the keys of this Priesthood among the Jews. He was raised up and sent as the forerunner of Christ to prepare the way for his first coming. And he was also sent to the world in this dispensation to begin the work of preparation for Christ's second advent.

"There are in the church two Priesthoods, namely, the Melchisedec and Aaronic, including the Levitical Priesthood. Why the first is called the Melchisedec Priesthood is because Melchisedec was such a great High Priest. Before his day it was called the Holy Priesthood, after the order of the Son of God." The Melchisedec Priesthood holds the keys of all the spiritual blessings of the church, of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, of communion with the General Assembly and Church of the first born, and the presence of God, the Father, and Jesus, the Mediator.

The Aaronic Priesthood is an appendage to the first, and holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and the outward ordinances and letter of the Gospel, the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins agreeable to the covenants and commandments.

The Melchisedec Priesthood, which Christ restored to the earth, remained among men between three and four hundred years afterwards. When in consequence of transgressions, apostacy from the true order of the Priesthood and Church of Christ, the innovations of priestcraft and paganism, the true order of God was lost, the Holy Priesthood was taken from the earth, and the Church of Christ ceased to be among men so far

as we have any knowledge by revelation or from the history and records of the past.

Then were fulfilled many predictions of the Prophets and Apostles, contained in the word of God. Among them the word of God spoken by John in the 12th chapter of Revelation, and the prophecy of Amos:—"Behold the day cometh, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord: and they shall wander from sea to sea and from the north even to the east, they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord and shall not find it." The proclamation of the word of the Lord is, and always has been, dependent upon the authority of the Holy Priesthood.

How could they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?

The gentiles among whom the Priesthood had been established, and the Gospel preached, fell away also after the example of unbelief and the manner of the Jews, or children of Israel. God who spared not the natural branches also cut off the engrafted ones, and "Mystery, Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth," was set up as foretold by the Prophet Daniel and the Apostle John. This power made war with the Saints, and overcame them, changed times and laws, "wore out the Saints of the Most High," was drunken with their blood and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus, and destroyed the holy people. But this mystical power, in turn, is to be overcome and, in the due time of the Lord, utterly destroyed.

Before this great event shall occur must come to pass the restoration of the Gospel of Christ, and the establishment of the kingdom of God again on the earth, with all the powers and blessings of the Holy Priesthood, concerning which we have the most positive assurances. The declarations of the sacred writers of the Bible and the Book of Mormon, not only affirm the restoration of all things spoken of by holy prophets relative to this great event, but

also that this kingdom shall no more be thrown down, or left to another people, nor cease until the whole earth shall be filled with the brightness of its glory, with its truths, its power, might, majesty and dominion, and that the kingdom and the greatness thereof under the whole heaven will be given unto the Saints of the Most High God, and they shall possess it for ever. The declaration of this truth is even now very galling to the unbelieving world, and to those who reject the truth, nevertheless the *Saints* will inherit the blessings, and the word of God will come to pass, however much the wicked object to it, or whether we as the beginners in this great cause endure faithful to the end and realize the promise, or not. This great and glorious redemption will be consummated through the power and agencies of the Holy or Melchisedec Priesthood, by means of which, and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, God has ever dealt, and will always deal, with the children of men: for this Priesthood "administereth the Gospel and holdeth the key of the mysteries of the kingdom even the *key of the kingdom of God*; therefore in the ordinances thereof the power of godliness is manifest; and without the ordinances thereof and the authority of the Priesthood, the power of God is not manifest to men in the flesh; for without this no man can see the face of God, even the Father, and live."

"The lesser Priesthood holdeth the key of the ministering of angels and the preparatory gospel; which gospel is the gospel of repentance, and the remission of sins," which "continued with the house of Aaron among the children of Israel until John, whom God raised up, being filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb," he, John, "was baptized while he was yet in his childhood, and was ordained by the angel of God at the time he was eight days old unto this power to overthrow the kingdom of the Jews and to make straight the way of the Lord before the face of his people, to prepare them for the coming of the Lord in whose hand is given all power."

It was the same John who appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, on the fifteenth day of May, 1829, and conferred upon them the Aaronic Priesthood with all its keys and power. The ordination was in the following words: "Upon you my fellow servants in the name of Messiah I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels and of the gospel of repentance and baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, and this shall never be taken again from the earth until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness." There is nothing said here about the offices of this Priesthood. They were an after consideration. I will remark here that the Priesthood is greater than the offices which grow out of it, and are mere appendages to it—"all other authorities or offices in the church are appendages to this Priesthood"—meaning the Melchisedec Priesthood. "But there are *two* divisions or grand heads, (not three nor many); one is the Melchisedec Priesthood, and the other is the Aaronic, or Levitical Priesthood." The offices in the Priesthood are necessary appendages thereof—for the purposes of order and government, and the duties of these several offices are defined in the revelations and laws and commandments of God.

This most sacred and important event, above quoted, occurred at or near a place called Harmony in Susquehanna Co., Pennsylvania, while Joseph Smith was living there, engaged in the translation of the Book of Mormon, and Oliver Cowdery was writing for him. We have not, unfortunately, any account so definite, of the reception by Joseph and Oliver, of the Melchisedec Priesthood as we have of the confirmation of the Aaronic Priesthood. But we have positive information and knowledge that they did receive this Priesthood at the hands of Peter, James and John, to whom the keys and power thereof were committed by the Lord Jesus Christ, and who were commissioned to restore it to the earth in the dispensation of the ful-

ness of times. We cannot fix the exact date when this Priesthood was restored, but it occurred sometime between the 15th of May, 1829, and the 6th of April, 1830. We can approximate to within a few months of the exact time, but no further, from any of the records of the Church. Joseph, the Prophet, designates the place where their ordination took place, in his address to the Saints, written September 6, 1842, as follows: "Again what do we hear? * * * the voice of Peter, James and John, in the wilderness, between Harmony, Susquehanna County, and Colesville, Broome County, on the Susquehanna River, declaring themselves as possessing the keys of the Kingdom and of the dispensation of the fulness of times." And in a revelation given September, 1830, referring to Joseph and Oliver, the Lord said in reference to partaking again of the Sacrament on the earth, that "the hour cometh that I will drink of the fruit of the vine with you on the earth, and with Moroni, * * and also with Elias, * * and also with John, the son of Zacharias, * which John I have sent unto you my servants Joseph Smith, Jun., and Oliver Cowdery to ordain you unto this first Priesthood which you have received, that you might be *called and ordained even as Aaron*: and also with Elijah, * * and also with Joseph, and Jacob, and Isaac, and Abraham, your fathers, by whom the promises remain, and also with Michael, or Adam the father of all, the prince of all, the ancient of days. And also with Peter, and James and John whom I have sent unto you by whom I *have ordained you and confirmed you to be apostles and especial witnesses* of my name and bear the keys of your ministry, and of the same things which I revealed unto them: unto whom I have committed the keys of my Kingdom and a dispensation of the Gospel for the last times, and for the fulness of times in which I will gather together in one all things both which are in heaven and which are on earth." In a revelation given April, 1830, verses 2 and 3 say: "Which commandments were given to Joseph Smith, Jun., who was

called of God and ordained an Apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the first Elder of this Church; and to Oliver Cowdery, who was also called of God an Apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the second Elder, and ordained under his hands." After the Melchisedec Priesthood was conferred upon Joseph and Oliver, by the ancient apostles, they were commanded to ordain each the other, as we see by the above quotation, and the 10th and 11th verses of section 21, Doctrine and Covenants.

It would appear from the instructions given in the revelation, dated June, 1829, that the apostleship had been then conferred on Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, and David Whitmer. If this supposition is correct, it reduces the period of uncertainty when this glorious event actually took place to a few weeks, or from the middle of May to the end of June. It is also asserted that David Whitmer supposed the event to have taken place about this time. It is evident, however, that David received the apostleship under the hands of Joseph and Oliver, and was not present when they received it under the ministration of the ancient apostles.

In the first edition of the Compendium, under the heading of, "Chronology of the most important events which have transpired in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from A. D. 1820 to 1856," we find the following brief statement: "June 6, 1831, the Melchisedec Priesthood *was first given*." This detached sentence conveys the idea that the Melchisedec Priesthood was not given until fourteen months after the church was established. Many have been misled and others greatly puzzled over this statement, knowing that "Elders were ordained" on the Sixth day of April, 1830, a year and two months before, and that "the office of an Elder comes under the Priesthood of Melchisedec."

It is a pity that greater attention is not paid to matters of history, for then such mistakes would not occur. Several errors of this character have crept into history through neglect or want of proper

attention to the subjects. The passage of history from which this brief and misleading extract was taken reads as follows: "On the sixth of June, (1831) the Elders from the various parts of the country where they were laboring, came in; and the conference before appointed, convened in Kirtland; and the Lord displayed His *power* in a manner that could not be mistaken. The man of sin was revealed, and the authority of the Melchisedec Priesthood was manifested, and conferred *for the first time upon several of the Elders.*" Now if this does not mean that on this occasion several Elders received their first ordination, then it must mean that these several Elders who had previously been ordained, then, for the first time, received the power or authority of their ordinations. The words "conferred for the first time upon several of the Elders," would seem at first glance to mean that several were then ordained Elders, but taking the complete sentence together, namely, "The man of sin was revealed, and the *authority* of the Melchisedec Priesthood was *manifested*, and conferred for the first time upon several of the Elders," we naturally conclude that several who had previously been ordained Elders, had not yet received the spirit or power, or *authority* of their ordinations, but that now for the first time, the authority of the Priesthood having been manifested, it fell upon them. It is evident from the context that the word *authority* as used in this quotation means *power*. It reads as follows: "It was clearly evident that the Lord gave us *power* in proportion to the work to be done, and strength according to the race before us, and grace and help as our needs required." That several persons were ordained on that occasion is directly stated, as follows: "Great harmony prevailed; *several were ordained*; faith was strengthened; and humility, so necessary for the blessing of God to follow prayer, characterized the Saints." One thing is perfectly clear, and that is, no reference whatever is here made to the restoration of the Melchisedec Priesthood by Peter, James and John, which great event occurred,

without doubt, between May and July, 1829. However, until about the time this conference was held, the term *Melchisedec Priesthood* was seldom or never used. The High Priesthood, or the Holy Priesthood, were the terms generally applied until then.

Thus this glorious Priesthood, which "is after the holiest order of God," has been restored to man in its plenitude and power in the present age for the "last times," and no part of it will be "taken from the earth again until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness," or "until God shall gather together in one all things both which are in heaven and which are on earth." In conclusion I will call the attention of the readers of this to sections 5, 13, 27, 84, 107, 110 and 128 of the Doctrine and Covenants for further reflection on the subject.

Joseph F. Smith.

FIRES ON COTTON-LADEN SHIPS.—It has been conceded by most recent writers on the subject that vessels which are freighted with American cotton are more liable to accidents by fire than those which carry cotton baled in other countries. It is said that many foreign insurance companies fix their rates on this supposition. The fire on the steamer *Rugia*, which came near destroying both cargo and vessel, has brought this subject again before the people. It certainly seems due to the National credit that the present dangerous condition of affairs should be remedied, if it lies within the power of the Government to correct the existent evils of cotton packing and transportation. The great recurrence of fires on vessels carrying cotton was, until quiet recently, accounted for by the theory of spontaneous combustion. This theory was especially plausible from the fact that in the United States the manufacture of cotton-seed oil, a highly inflammable product, was carried so often in close proximity to cotton presses, and also by the fact that the bales of cotton were carried in cars that had previously been used in the transportation of the oil. The statistics on the subject, how-

ever, will hardly warrant the belief that the presence of cotton-seed oil in the bales can be taken as the only cause for these fires. The poor manner in which the American product is packed is without parallel in the commercial world.

HE LIVED FOR OTHERS.

THE world can produce only few examples of self-sacrifice such as that which has been brought into prominence by the death, April 10th, of Father Damien. He died on the island of Molokai, Sandwich Islands, and the news of his death only reached the United States in the early part of May. Molokai is the home of the lepers, of whom there are nearly eight hundred souls. Whenever that fearful disease, leprosy, fastens itself upon any person, that person is immediately exiled to the home of the "Leper Community," which must thereafter be his resting place all his life. Among other unfortunates, young, old, middle-aged, in all stages of this frightful, incurable malady, he must stay, closing himself out from the world for all time. The Catholic Bishop of the Sandwich Islands, fifteen years ago, saw the necessity of securing a priest who would take charge of this outcast community in order to promote, as well as possible, their physical condition and religious and moral good. Father Damien, then a little past thirty years of age, strong, and with the bright world before him, volunteered for the work. He

knew that, having once set foot upon Molokai in the interest of his mission, he never could return. He went into this community, took up his terrible work, built churches, established schools and hospitals, and administered the last rites to, and buried more than, two thousand victims. In 1884, about ten years after his entrance upon this mission, symptoms of the disease appeared upon himself which in course of another year were so confirmed that there was no mistaking them. He reconciled himself to his condition, however, prosecuted his work with his usual energy, all the time conscious that his devotion meant death. He finally attracted attention from other churches and from religious and philanthropic people in communions outside his own. Some years ago nearly a thousand pounds was sent him by members of the Church of England. When the news of his death came, subscriptions in New York had been made by Protestants to aid him in his work. By his acts he made for himself an immortal name, something which probably never once entered his mind. History records few instances more pathetic than the story of his life—he was a man who in the face of exile and death, devoted himself exclusively to the interests of his unfortunate fellow men, and he has earned his reward by duty well done, and added one more to the list of men who have sacrificed their own lives for the benefit of humanity.

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.*

The sword was sheathed: in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O City sitting by the Sea!
How proud the day that dawned on thee,

When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke;
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudits-echoing halls,
The prayer and hymn borne heavenward from
St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty and Law!

* Read in New York, April 30th, 1889, at the Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of George Washington as the First President of the United States.

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred ;
In world-wide wonder listening people's bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed ? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told,
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful
past,
Was the long dream of ages true at last ?

Thank God ! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude !

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release ;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just.

That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
Pretense that turns her holy truths to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love ! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice ;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag with all its added stars
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars !

Lo ! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of
him.

Our first and best !—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave !

For, ever in the awful strife,
And dark hours of the nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning
word,
Their father's voice his erring children heard !

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought ;
No partial interest draws its alien line
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the
pine !

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union-bond ;
We lift our hands to Heaven, and here and
now,
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours ;
Chooser and chosen both are powers
Equal in service as in rights ; the claim
Of Duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

(AN ACROSTIC.)

Fancy paints no fairer picture, as the years roll swiftly by,
As the early leaves of springtime change beneath a summer sky,
Than a father and a mother, happy in each others' love,
Happy with their sons and daughters, serving Him who dwells above:
Even though the hair be silvered, though life's cares have left their trace,
Resting on the brow once youthful, on each well-remembered face,

And each line on those dear faces, caused by anxious toil and care.
Nearer to me seems my dear home, for the joys engendered there.
Dare I call them aught but sacred? 'Round my heart sweet memories cling.

Must I not disturb the echoes which the thoughts of childhood bring?
Oh, how poor the pen of sages, and how futile painters' art
To portray these loving loved ones, sacred idols of my heart !
How it throbs so oft with rapture, and my thanks to God arise
Ever, for these noble tutors, while the tear-drops fill my eyes.
Rest assured a grateful feeling buried in my bosom lies.

Mary E. B. Farr.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

JUNIUS F. WELLS, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY,

JUNE, 1889.

SPEED IN TRAVEL.

TRULY God blesses the works of man in these days of wonders. New feats are added daily to the great accomplishments already made known, until the busy world scarcely stops to pay a passing tribute to any new achievement unless it is of the most startling kind. In no way is the pressure and hurry of life in our day so strikingly illustrated as in the speed of ocean steamships and railways. And still the demand for greater speed is continual and imperative. The designer, the constructor, and capital, have exhibited the highest skill, the most pains-taking toil, and the amplest resources to provide the swiftest and most luxurious express trains on the great railway lines, and the swiftest and most sumptuous of ocean carriers. The records of the past few years show marvelous achievements in space-devouring inventions. Now comes the announcement that ocean travel has again been shortened. The new steamship, *City of Paris*, of the Inman line, has surpassed all previous triumphs in the great series of trans-atlantic races that have been going on, and it is announced that her passage has only taken five days, twenty-three hours and seven minutes. The best previous record was that of the *Etruria*, in six days, one hour and fifty-five minutes. Truly these Atlantic flyers that wing their way between the two mightiest continents of civilization with such amazing speed represent the advancement of invention and progress in the most impressive and powerful manner. The results of a reduction of time of ocean passages are many and important. It means increased development of commerce, cheaper freights, cheaper food, and freer interchange of peoples and commodities, as well as far-reaching benefits to people who may never cross the ocean them-

selves. To-day the *City of Paris* stands at the head of the peerless Atlantic fleet, and well may the nation join in the remarks of one of the metropolitan newspapers when it says:

"An imperial and superlative sort of boat, indeed, this *City of Paris*! Only a few months ago she was born. If she does so great things in her babyhood, what will she do when full grown? But even better and faster boats will yet be built. These are the times when the impossible is achieved. And five days for the Atlantic passage and three days for the railway run across the United States from New York to San Francisco will come before many more years."

As a proof of this assertion comes the announcement, a few days after, that the new twin-screw steamer of the Hamburg line made the voyage from Hamburg to New York, a distance of three thousand one hundred and forty-eight miles, in eight days and one hour, an equivalent of six days and two hours from Fastnet to New York. Taking off four hours which the steamer was delayed, because of heated journals, the actual time between Fastnet and Sandy Hook, would be five days, twenty-two hours and thirty minutes, a trifle shorter time than the ocean greyhound, *City of Paris*.

In this connection may be mentioned the telegram which announces a new scheme of transportation which will be introduced between New York and Boston whereby, it is stated, large packages of mail, and even cars containing passengers, can be whisked from one place to another, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles, in less than an hour. An experiment with a new machine will be held in Boston in the presence of many scientists, including Prof. Dolbear, of Tufts college, who has announced that he is thoroughly satisfied of the success of the system. The machine consists of a magnetic car hanging from a single rail, when it follows a streak of electricity with one horse power. It is said that one ton can be thus transported one thousand four hundred and forty miles a day at a cost of thirty cents.

WASHINGTON CENTENNIAL.

THE time in which we live is filled with commemorations of important events which occurred one hundred years ago. None of these are of greater interest than the magnificent celebration commemorative of Washington's first inauguration as president of the United States, held April 30th. New York, naturally, was the great center where the parades, ceremonies, banquets and speeches in honor of the occasion were looked upon as the grandest and the most interesting, although every city in the Union contributed its share in honor of the great day. In this respect the cities and settlements of Utah were in no way behind.

During the centennial over a million strangers visited New York, and the marvelous capacity of the metropolis is shown from the fact that no serious inconvenience was experienced in lodging, boarding and transporting this immense throng of visitors. Doubtless a million more could have been accommodated. The elevated railroads reached high water mark in the number of passengers carried. These numbered seven hundred sixty-five thousand on Monday, nine hundred twenty-five thousand on Tuesday, and seven hundred seventy thousand on Wednesday. The Brooklyn Bridge trains carried one hundred and fifty thousand on Monday, one hundred and eighty thousand on Tuesday, and one hundred and seventy thousand on Wednesday.

A hundred years show what magnificent strides of development have been made by the children of the Republic in all the departments of science. The wisdom which moved the minds, and the patriotism which imbued the souls, of the founders of our nation, are commemorated by a century of great events which stand like a monument to their imperishable works. As a witness, look at the wonders accomplished by the labors of Fulton, Morse, Edison, Whitney, Howe, Roebling and scores of others that might be named; and a reference only is necessary to the railroads, and the progress in manufacture and labor saving

machinery in the field and factory which has enabled men to crowd two days into one with attendant success. A pair of shoes is now made in less time than Washington's cobbler consumed in cutting out the leather. A single sewing machine will make more and neater stitches in a given time than one hundred sewing girls in 1789 could have done. Every industry in our day is propelled or furthered by machinery, by which one man accomplishes more than twenty could have done a century ago. Robert Burdette, the well-known humorist, has told us of many good things in this line which our fathers a hundred years ago did not enjoy. He closes his lines in this vein:

"But in these days it's come to pass,
All work is with such dashing done.
We've all these things—but then, alas!
We seem to have no Washington."

Doubtless it might also be asked whether "that quality of righteousness which exalteth a nation" is as widely developed as in olden times. Yet, notwithstanding this, we have some very good men and a fair standard of character, and the nation which a century ago was in its swaddling clothes stands forth to-day the fairest, stateliest and strongest government that ever attracted the admiring gaze of the peoples of the earth. Let us hope that by honesty, the fear of God, intelligence and true patriotism, in high places and among the great masses, this nation may thus continue to stand, in order that the bi-centennial may witness even greater progress in all that is good than the one that is just past; and so that the important issues which now confront the nation may be met with the same courage and success as the mighty questions of their time were met by the founders.

"It's astonishing," said an old New-Yorker the other day, "how much of the city a visitor bent on sight-seeing quickly gets to know all about, that old-time dwellers here never see and only occasionally hear of. I had a country cousin staying with me during Centennial week and a few days before and after it.

Beside 'taking in' every feature of the celebration, he gave me lots of information about my native city that I had never heard of, or else had forgotten completely. He made me almost ashamed of myself at first by asking questions about the sights and directions, how best to visit them, but he soon took the other tack and would astonish me in the evenings by his accounts of the queer and interesting things New York contains. I don't think I am specially ignorant on that point either. How many New-Yorkers are there, do you suppose, who

know where the State Arsenal is, or have seen the Atlantic Docks, or would know how to get permission to visit Blackwell's Island, or climb to the top balcony of the Statue of Liberty; or have visited the Fresh Pond Crematory, or seen the inside of a Chinese joss house, or know if New York has erected monuments to its heroes who fell in the Civil and the Revolutionary wars, and where they are; or have seen the famous Lenox Library collection of Bibles, or can tell where the handsome bust of Schiller stands in one of the city's parks?"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BAPTISM.

IN reasoning upon the philosophy of Christian baptism it must be assumed that the atonement made by Christ, through the shedding of his blood, is a true principle. This assumption is made necessary by the fact that it is foreign to the purpose of this article to enter into the merits of the atonement itself, the writer having been requested merely to furnish a brief treatise upon the theme defined by the caption which heads this paper.

Having peremptorily taken, as a leading premise, the position that the atonement of the Lord for the human race is a fact, it must be further assumed that His disciple, in conformity with the further demands of the Christian doctrine, repents of his sins, or, in other words, determines to abide by the conditions of the system of which he has theoretically accepted, shunning everything that is not conformable with it. I have thus brought the intending disciple to the spot where he is confronted by the ordinance, the philosophy of which forms the subject of this writing.

Having so far accepted Christ, the follower has made a virtual agreement with Him, but it has not yet taken practical shape. In the ordinary affairs of men, when a contract involving stipulations between individuals interested, is decided upon, it is the custom to render the compact more binding and valid by the performance of some act in which

both parties participate. In civilized society this process generally takes the form of written documents, descriptive of the conditions involved, each of the parties subscribing to the papers, generally in the presence of witnesses, who attest the performance by also attaching their names. A scrutiny of spiritual observances discloses the fact that there is an intimate analogy between them and affairs that are designated as natural, or common matters of life. The relationship is close, and they are frequently governed by the same general principles.

It will perhaps be well to follow this analogous relationship in its connection with the Christian rite of baptism. It should be kept in view, however, that I have no allusion to the spurious observances under that title that are in vogue in so-called Christian churches. I have reference only to the baptism of people who have come to the years of accountability, by the process of immersion in water—by one duly authorized of Christ—for the remission of sins. The scriptures define no other, the claims of uninspired churchmen and their followers to the contrary notwithstanding.

It will be well to state here the conditions already involved up to the point of the intending Christian being confronted with the necessity of validating the compact of the situation by a practical act. Having accepted of the atonement and repented of his sins, thus agreeing to

rectify his moral and religious nature, he has the promise, providing he presses forward in the path upon which he has entered, that the other Party shall remit his past trespasses, inspire him with the spirit of Truth, who shall be an inward monitor to him, and finally give him part in the first resurrection. In other words, reward his fidelity to the cause of right by finally giving him eternal life. On the one hand the condition is allegiance, on the other, reward.

The act which emphasizes these obligations should be in exact harmony with the general system involved. Any other performance would be incongruous, not to say absurd. I claim that this requisite unison is strikingly associated with the ordinance of baptism, and I could not imagine any other observance that would be more appropriate or beautiful.

Being in the nature of a compact including mutual obligations, both the contracting parties must be present and be active participants. Otherwise the one not represented has no lot nor part in the transaction, need not recognize it and is not bound by its conditions. The one to whom the ordinance is administered, if he be a dweller in mortality and not a disembodied spirit, must be there in his own proper person and not by proxy. He who instituted the ordinance must be there to administer it in the person of an agent whom he has authorized and who therefore represents Him. When this is the case the Lord is as much bound by the obligations the acceptance of the ordinance entails as if it were administered by His own hand. Hence one who has not divine authority may save himself the trouble of performing this religious observance so far as any spiritual benefit to the recipient of the administration is concerned. It would be as efficacious if he were to do it in his own name as in that of the Savior, because the latter had not authorized him to use His. It will be seen from this standpoint that authorization of the administrator is indispensable as a philosophical element associated with the rite of genuine Christian baptism.

The subject who submits to this ordi-

nance has, as before stated, accepted of the theory of Christ's atonement by the shedding of His blood, of His burial, of His body having lain for a brief time in the tomb while His spirit entered the spheres where departed spirits dwell, and that He there to them preached the Christian doctrine; also that His body put off corruption, was reunited with His spirit and arose from the tomb, purified and immortal. Here then is exhibited the consistency of baptism as the initial act by which the disciple renders more binding the acceptance of the Christian life. The unspoken language of him who accepts of this rite is: "By submitting to this ordinance at the hands of Christ in the person of His agent I agree to put Him on and follow His sublime sacrificial example. I die to the world and its vanities, I am buried, by immersion in water, I arise free from sin, according to the conditions of preparation for and obedience to this ordinance, and in this purified state I must live in a new and purer spiritual element." How beautifully typical of the initial features of Christ's work for mankind! How sublimely uniform with it! This consistency is of itself an evidence of the truth of Christianity. I do not hold it to be an invulnerable proof, because a system may be consistent in erroneous constituents as well as correct ones. But I hold it to be a sustaining element in its relation to genuine Christianity, whose features are exquisitely harmonious throughout. Hence, assuming the atonement to be true, baptism grows out of it as a consistent philosophical fact.

It may be said that ordinances or rites are but the framework or skeleton of Christianity, its strictly spiritual phases constituting its essence. The frame of a structure is indispensable for its support, as for instance that of the human body. The relationship between the two general constituents is intimate and inseparable. Without either the religious building would be incomplete. Ordinances are of use to man because of the support they lend to his spiritual development. They serve to fasten upon his

mind certain fundamental spiritual truths that might otherwise be lost sight of and religious vigor thus be allowed to dwindle to spiritual imbecility. The basic facts of Christianity are the atonement, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is needful that they, together with the obligation of allegiance to the son of God, should be indelibly fastened upon the mind of the disciple. If the constituents of baptism, as they have been described in the foregoing, are considered, it will surely be admitted that the observance designated by that title is of a nature to make the desired impression. Hence the philosophy of the divine economy which instituted a rite so simple, yet so appropriate and impressive. It is admirably adapted to the constitution of the human mind. Its nature is such that it is almost impossible for the recollection of its reception to pass from the memory, and with this remembrance comes the recall of the work done by the Savior.

This feature of obviating the necessity for forgetfulness is a leading characteristic of other ordinances, and in regard to one in particular—the sacrament of the Lord's supper—it seems to be the sole object. The bread and wine represent the flesh and blood of the Redeemer, and the emblems are partaken of in commemoration of the piercing of the one and the shedding of the other for the sins of the world. Yet even that sacred rite also leads mentally back to baptism, the acceptance of which is a condition precedent to participation at the communion table. From baptism, or the rite of induction, the mind reverts to the passion of the Lord, forming an unbroken spiritual chain connecting with the basic of facts of the Christian religion.

The universality of the ordinance of baptism is a consistent feature of its philosophy. According to the theory of Christianity it is applicable to all intelligent beings who attain to the age of accountability in this life. It has no applicability to infants or children who are not sufficiently matured to be accountable. It must be obeyed intelli-

gently by the person receiving it, because it implies the obligation of allegiance. There can be no allegiance in a spiritual sense that is not voluntary. This comprehension and act of volition is impossible in an infant. The effect of compliance with baptism is the remission of the individual sins of the obedient. Infants have no sins to remit. Not so with accountable beings, none of whom are or can be exempt from compliance with the requisition of Christian baptism. If any exemptions existed outside of non-accountability, the rite would not be consistent and consequently not philosophical.

The illustrative figures and parallels drawn by Christ have never been surpassed for point and beauty. He said: "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." To hold that the Savior meant that statement to apply to anything else than baptism of water and subsequent baptism of the Holy Spirit is absurd. Here then are two conditions embodied in that pregnant utterance that indicate the universal applicability of baptism to all that class for whom it was intended, little children being the only exceptions. The process is compared to a birth into a new element, which is spiritual. Those who insist that this ordinance can be omitted and yet an entrance be had into the kingdom of God, should ask themselves whether they could have come into this life without being born. They could not have even climbed in by some other way, but would have been left shivering on the other side. Those who advocate any other mode of baptism than that which represents or rather actually is a birth, are in an attitude equally unphilosophical. It must be a coming out of one element into another. Without it no one can pass from the worldly element into the element of the kingdom of God.

It would be unphilosophical to institute a law or ordinance whose application is inexorable before its benefits can be secured, if any portion or even fraction of accountable beings was shut out

from the possibility of compliance with its demands. Then comes the question as to how such beneficent effects are to be derived by the myriads of mortals who have lived out their brief span on the earth without an opportunity of obeying the rite of baptism. This brings into consideration the universality not only of baptism but of the entire plan of Christianity. I have already shown that it is carried into the spirit world, where Christ himself proclaimed it. It would be unreasonable to presume that his agents who leave this life have not authority to follow up His labor there as here. But when conversions occur in the spirit life, how can baptism be made applicable to them? Their obedience is spiritual. It consists of their willingness to comply with the law. That is obedience to it in spirit, providing that disposition reach its legitimate conclusion. If so its effects on them are of a similar character to those resulting to one who is living in the flesh. This conclusion is that they shall accept of the performance of this rite by persons in mortality officiating in their stead. By that process the act which signifies allegiance, results in a remission of sins, and in-

troduces the recipient into a new spiritual element or kingdom, is performed. This vicarious work, which exhibits the universality of the system of salvation, is a part of the Christian plan although—because of the perversions, innovations and omissions which superinduced the great apostasy from the letter and genius of true religion—it fell into disuse. Indeed, for ages until this generation, there has been no valid authorization for its application. It formerly existed, however, hence the argument made by Paul in favor of the resurrection as a divine truth: "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all; why are they then baptized for the dead?"

In the baptism of an embodied being the administrator is represented by an agent while the recipient of the ordinance acts in person; when the latter is a disembodied spirit the operation is vicarious throughout.

This article might be extended to great length, but I prefer to content myself with pointing out only a few of the innumerable philosophical aspects of the sacred rite of Christian baptism.

John Nicholson.

ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES

Of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Conference to be held on Saturday and Sunday, June 1 and 2, 1889, in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City:

Notices.—The railway companies will issue round trip tickets from all points at regular conference rates, good going May 31 and June 1 and 2, and good returning until and including June 5.

To avoid confusion and imposition it is requested that the officers of each Association accompany the members and that they inform Joseph H. Felt, chairman of the entertainment committee, 38 Main Street, at once, of the probable number that will come and need accommodations. In the absence of officers a line should be given visiting members to

identify them as such. It is desired to accommodate every member of the Associations coming to conference, but this provision is thought wise to avoid being imposed upon by strangers who have no claim upon the hospitality of the people.

All officers of the Associations are requested to be present at the opening meeting, and to occupy seats on the right and left of the pulpits during the conference.

First day, Saturday, June 1; music by Stephens' juvenile classes, 200 children. 10 a. m.—1. Invocation: (1) song, "Bright smiling morning;" (2) prayer; (3) hymn, "Lord accept our true devotion." 2. Introductory address, President Wilford Woodruff. 3. Lecture, "America," Rich-

ard W. Young. 4. Duet, "Tell us, merry birds," Mabel Cooper and Louie Felt. 5. Sentiments: (1) Tooele Stake, "Effects of Mutual Improvement work on the individual;" (2) Oneida Stake, "Effects of M. I. A. work on the community;" (3) Beaver Stake, "M. I. A. work as an aid to the Priesthood, support to the national government and a factor of universal progress." 4. Chorus, "Good morning." 5. Benediction.

2 p.m.—1. Invocation: (1) song, "Wake a song of joy and gladness;" (2) prayer; (3) hymn, "School thy feelings." 2. Lecture, "Life of President Brigham Young," Apostle Moses Thatcher. 3. Hymn, "Hail to the Man," (a piece written for the anniversary of President B. Young's birthday by E. S.) 4. Address, "Early training," Apostle John Henry Smith. 5. Sentiments: (1) Morgan Stake, "The power of prayer;" (2) San Luis Stake, "The progress of Mormonism;" (3) Parowan Stake, "Government vs. despotism." 6. Opera chorus, "When dusky twilight." 7. Benediction.

4 p.m.—Officers' meeting.

Second day, Sunday, June 2. 10 a.m.; music by Thomas McIntyre's male glee class.—1. Invocation: (1) hymn, "Hark! hark! my soul;" (2) prayer; (3) hymn, "God is love." 2. Discourse, President George Q. Cannon. 3. Solo and chorus, "Evening." 4. Sermon, Apostle F. M. Lyman. 5. Grand Organ solo, J. J. Daynes. 6. Sentiments: (1) Snowflake Stake, "Religion vs. fanaticism;" (2) Summit Stake, "Criticism vs. fault-finding;" (3) Bear Lake Stake, "Latter-day Saint loyalty." 7. Hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." 8. Benediction.

2 p.m.; music by Tabernacle choir, E. Beesley, conductor.—1. Invocation: (1) hymn, "Hark! ye mortals;" (2) prayer; (3) hymn, congregational. 2. Secretary's report and sustaining of general officers. 3. Discourse, "Personal characteristics of the Savior," K. G. Mæser. 4. Solo and chorus, "O holy Jesus," Bessie Dean and choir. 5. Address, Junius F. Wells. 6. Sentiments: (1) St. George Stake, "Freedom of obedience;" (2) Davis Stake, "Priesthood vs. Priestcraft;" (3) Box Elder Stake, "Liberty vs. license."

7. Chorus, "O Father whose almighty power." 8. Benediction.

7.30 p.m.; music by Stephens' combined opera and oratorio choruses (solos in the anthem by Misses Lizzie Thomas and Bessie Dean, and Messrs. R. C. Easton and H. S. Goddard).—1. Invocation: (1) chorus, "Thanks be to God;" (2) prayer; (3) Song and chorus, "Utah's vales" (solo, Miss Lizzie Thomas). 2. "Y. L. M. I. Associations," Supt. Elmina S. Taylor. 3. "Hawaii M. I. A.," Susie Young Gates. 4. Male quartette, Messrs. Easton, Whitney, Goddard and Spencer. 5. Remarks, General Superintendency. 6. Anthem, "God of Israel" (composed by E. Stephens for the Salt Lake Tabernacle choir). 7. Benediction.

SCRIPTURAL ANALYSES.

MILTON H. HARDY AND GEO. H. BRIMHALL.
PARABLES OF OUR SAVIOR.

Course II.

Lecture XLVII. Group 1. Illustrating the principle of faith. Subdivisions: 1. The Sower; *a* place, Capernaum; *b* reference: Matt. xiii, 1-23. 2. Seed springing up imperfectly; *a* place, Capernaum; *b* reference: Mark iv, 26-29. 3. Tares; *a* place, Capernaum; *b* references: Matt. xiii, 24-30, 36-43. 4. Leaven; *a* place, Capernaum; *b* reference: Matt. xiii, 33. 5. Grain of mustard; *a* place, Capernaum; *b* reference: Matt. xiii, 31-32.

XLVIII. Group 2. Illustrating the principle of repentance. Subdivisions: 1. The Pharisee and Publican; *a* place, Peræra, *b* reference: Luke xviii, 9-15.

XLIX. Group 3. Illustrating the principle of knowledge. Subdivisions: 1. The found treasure; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference: Matt. xiii, 44. 2. Pearl of great price; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference: Matt. xiii, 45.

L. Group 4. Illustrating the principle of charity. Subdivisions: 1. The unmerciful servant; *a* place, Capernaum; *b* reference: Matt. xviii, 23-35. 2. The two debtors; *a* place, Capernaum; *b* reference: Luke vii, 33-50. 3. The good Samaritan; *a* place, near Jericho; *b* reference: Luke x, 25-37.

LI. Group 5. Illustrating the principle of recompense. Subdivisions: 1. Talents; *a* place Jerusalem; *b* reference: Matt. xxv, 14-30. 2. The ten pounds; *a* place, Jericho; *b* reference: Luke xix, 12-27. 3. The vineyard; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference: Matt. xxi, 33-41. 4. Sheep and goats; *a* place, Jerusalem; *b* reference: Matt. xxv, 31-46.

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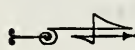
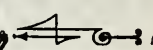
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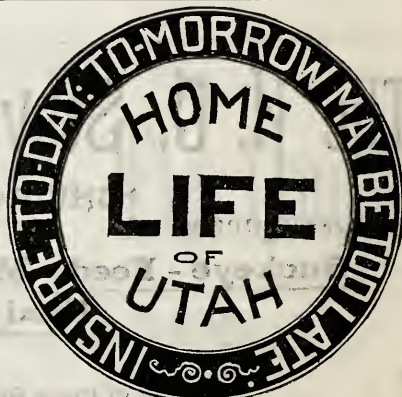
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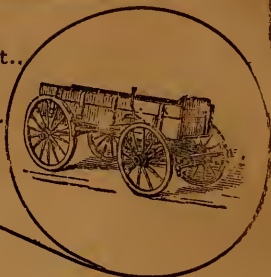
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